Saturday Night

June 5, 1954 • 10 Cents

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THE HON. JEAN LESAGE: The Chance of a Lifetime.

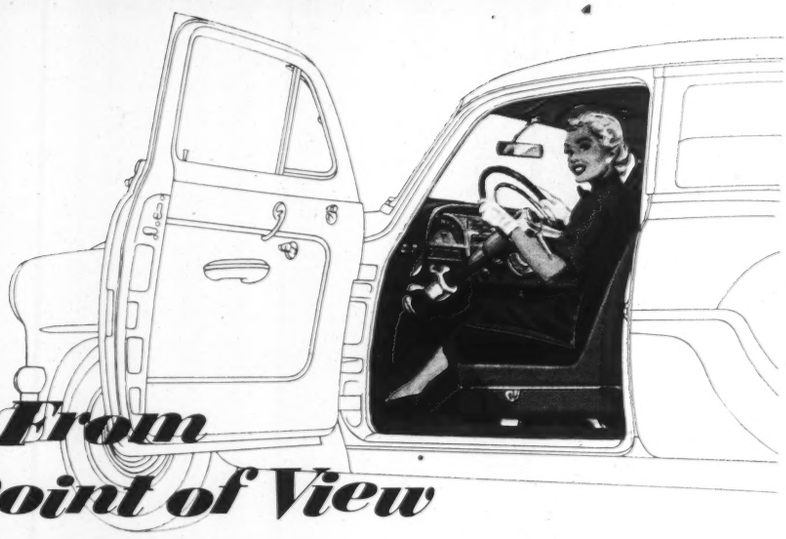
The Front Page

A glittering opportunity to write his name indelibly into Canadian history lies within the grasp of the Hon. Jean Lesage, Minister of Resources and Development. All he has to do is to provide the inspired leadership needed for a national campaign of conservation.

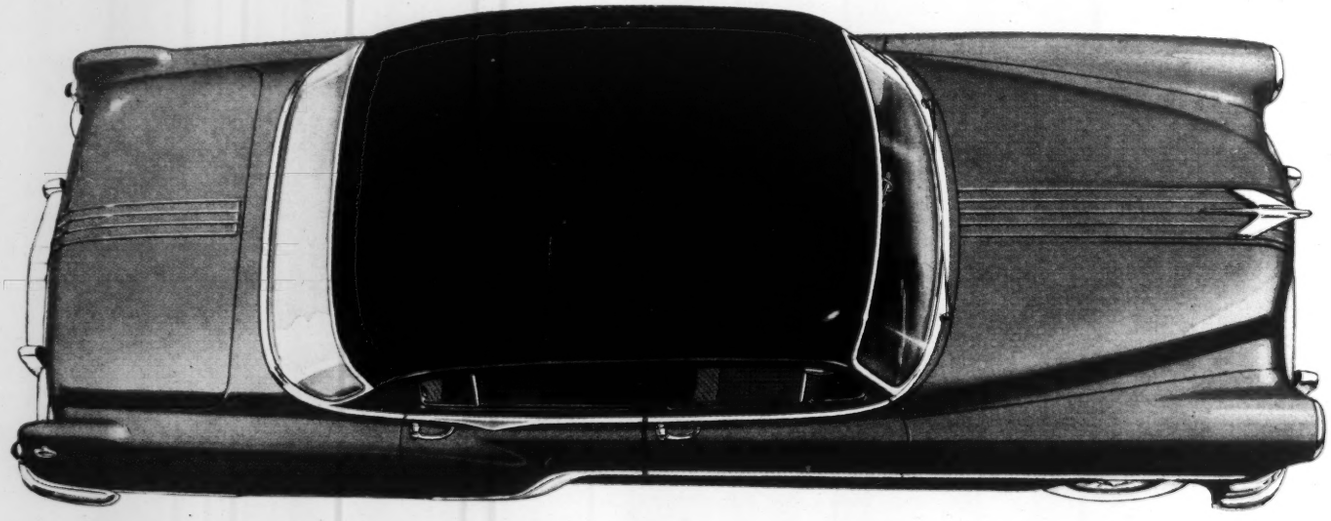
In the space of 150 years Canadians have done such a remarkable job of being spendthrift with this country's natural riches that the myth of inexhaustible resources should have been exploded years ago. Yet the legend and the wastefulness both persist. Everyone agrees, of course, that something should be done about the ravaged forests, the eroded soil, the shrinking and polluted rivers, but not immediately—maybe next year or the next century, because it's quite obvious that the land, water and woods are still producing far more than we can use ourselves. There is no sense of urgency, and we think of conservation as we do of virtue, as something to be praised now and practised later, at a time when there may be no profit or pleasure in sin.

There is not one good reason for

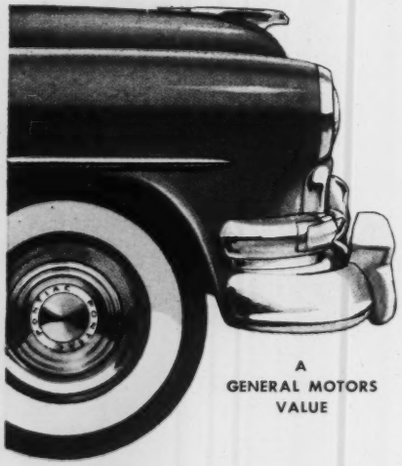
THE TRUTH ABOUT McCARTHY
Beginning in this Issue



From Any Point of View



Dollar for Dollar You Can't Beat Pontiac



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

such stupid complacency. On the contrary, there is a need for urgency. It has been estimated, for example, that under present conditions Canada's supply of accessible timber will be exhausted in less than 50 years. We have had plenty of warnings, but the sober voices of the preachers of conservation too often have been drowned out by the noise we make congratulating ourselves on the resources still to be plundered.

At the recent national conference on resources held in Ottawa, a great deal was said about conservation, but the general impression was one of aimlessness; a "national conservation council" was talked about, and the suggestion made that a royal commission be appointed to "investigate and appraise the natural resources of Canada and to protect their probable development and use during the next fifty years".

What is needed is not a royal commission but leadership. Without going outside the services of the Federal and provincial governments, there are enough men with the technical knowledge and experience to shape the regional and national plans required for the preservation of our renewable resources. The need is for someone to bring order out of disorder, to work with patience and fervor so that provincial authorities, who have the responsibility for their own resources, are co-operating within the framework of what all realize is an enlightened national policy for the lasting good of all. The man in the best position to do that job is Mr. Lesage; his ministry has an able staff of technicians, and the nation's resources are his concern. If Mr. Lesage is big enough for the job, he need not worry about his place in Canadian history.

Contrapuntal Theme

LISTENING to a fine performance of a Brandenburg Concerto the other night, we were struck by a sombre thought. Suppose total devastation follows the explosion of some bomb, how long will it take the world to produce another J. S. Bach? Probably the answer can be given by those mathematicians who understand the precise workings of the abstruse laws of chance. But it might be simpler to avoid the destruction by applying to human relationships the kind of counterpoint Bach uses, beginning with a minor phrase of respect for the rights of others, say, and adding to it such major themes as honesty and tolerance and goodwill. After all, each of the great concerti begins with the simplest and most tenuous of melodies, yet so skilfully does the composer work this strand over and under and through and around that what emerges at the end is a great strong cable of sound that grips and holds and ravishes both heart and mind. Who knows, then, what great things might come if the same technique—the patient, loving reworking of a simple theme—were applied to friendship, to marriage, to civic governments and even international affairs?

The Front Page

A Healthy Lion

ANYONE WHO thinks that Britain is a worn-out, enfeebled nation should spend some time with Sir William Rootes, chairman of the United Kingdom Dollar Export Council. It takes only a minute or two in his company to convince one that the British quiver is a long, long way from holding its last bolt. "We've reached a new phase in manufacturing," he told us, when we met him the other day. "Our production problems are behind us, and we have no fear of competition. Although the Germans have always been hard competitors, they have their rightful place in the European economy, and their export drive will only make us roll our sleeves higher."

Canada Pictures

SIR WILLIAM ROOTES.

"Take cars, for example." Sir William likes talking about cars; he is chairman of the board of Rootes Ltd., which produces Hillmans and Sunbeam Talbots. "Our Group is exporting more cars now than ever before, in spite of German competition. That is true not only of my cars but of the whole industry. The British motor car is holding its place on the Continent as well as throughout the world. We exported more cars in 1953 than in 1952, our rate of production for the first three months of 1954 was 30 per cent higher than for the same period of 1953, and in March we turned out cars at a rate amounting to one million a year. We're building other things too, of course—right at home we're putting up houses at a good rate, more than a thousand a day. The United Kingdom, which some people thought was finished after the war, is coming back to greater vigor than ever. Sterling is being sought after now and the pound is returning to all its old glory."

Sir William has other enthusiasms. "Every time I come to Canada, I'm impressed," he said. "Coming here is like getting a breath of fresh air. The St. Lawrence Seaway will be a tremendous, really tremendous thing for the country. It's a pity they can't speed it up and work night and day and week-ends on it."

We still had the impression, when we left, that he would thoroughly enjoy running the job of building the seaway, night and day and week-ends.

Sis - boom - bah

FOR SOME time we have been trying to have some adolescents we know define exactly what they mean by "school spirit," a term they toss about with nothing like the precision they use in basketball or football. We are grateful, then, to the judges at the TSSAA track-meet in Toronto recently who, besides their duties with the stop-watch and score-card, were apparently called upon to assess the spirit of the competing schools. The award went to the "effervescent" group that "raised the biggest rumpus". We've had a feeling this was what the phrase meant, but we'd been hoping that perhaps it might mean just a little more.

Time, Money and Talk

TALK MAY still be cheap in some places, but the Parliament of Canada is not one of them. The talk there costs the country a sizable sum each year, and the people who pay the bill for it have a right to expect value for their money, but for a considerable part of the time that Parliament is in session they do not get their money's worth. What they get is a spongy mass of trivial verbiage in which clear thought and sound ideas are submerged and scattered like raisins in a bulging batch of dough.

There has been some improvement in the conduct of debate in the Commons during the present session, largely because of the good work done by the Speaker, René Beaudoin, in trying to keep the talk within the limits of the subject under discussion. But there is still far too much waffling by members who either have nothing to say or suffer from a sort of verbal flatulence. Add to these the members who apparently are incapable of

The Front Page

saying anything unless it has first been put on paper and those who persist in interrupting proceedings with what they fatuously believe is repartee, and the result is an incredibly dreary waste of time and money.

It is true that democracy flourishes on debate, and that there are members of Parliament (a notable number of them in the CCF) whose contributions to the proceedings of the House are well reasoned and tightly phrased. But debate prolonged to the point of inanity can stultify free expression, and pertinent speeches be lost in the midst of boredom. What can be done to reduce the waste? A rules committee has been working on the problem for weeks, but up to the time of writing had produced nothing for Parliament's consideration. Why there should be a delay is difficult to understand.

The trouble is obvious: too many members talk too much and say too little. What follows is just as obvious: the 40-minute time-limit on speeches should be strictly enforced, except on those rare occasions when a major statement (a budget address, for example) cannot be compressed within the limit; the possibility of reducing the 40 minutes to 20 or even 10 for routine debate should be seriously considered; members should not be permitted to digress even during throne-speech debates, and they should be ordered to throw away their elaborate notes and manuscripts.

For the $10,000 salary the parliamentarians voted themselves, the public should get more useful work and less useless talk.

Invasion

OUT IT IS small wonder that the world's affairs are going to pot; more and more of the men who have a good deal to do with those affairs seem to be taking up the shocking habit of turning breakfast into a business meal. More than a quarter of a century ago, it was considered a rather charming eccentricity for Lloyd George to hold political conferences at the breakfast table. "It's his Welsh blood," people said; "he's a little fey." But no longer can the practice be so lightly dismissed. Just the other day President Eisenhower held a breakfast meeting, not long after his election opponent, Adlai Stevenson, had publicly professed that an eight o'clock breakfast is the best of all times for cool, calm discussion of troubled events. Businessmen in the United States are beginning to mix marmalade and mergers, and even English captains of commerce, who should know better, are becoming addicts; Sir Cecil Weir, the English industrialist now helping the European Coal and Steel Organization, recently confessed that the business breakfast has become a regular feature of his life.

The breaking of the over-night fast is a great deal more than the filling of the stomach with food. It is a time when a man should air his mind and not his opinions, rubbing off in sober silence the roughness left when he was torn from sleep and thrust once more into the awakened world. The harsh passage from repose to reality is best accomplished in quiet and decent privacy, and for a man to be faced at such a time with a preview of the day's worries is like being slapped in the face with a cold kipper.

Dental Troubles

WE ARRIVED at the gathering of the Canadian Society for Dentistry in Children just after Dr. Lorne Scott, of Brantford, Ontario, had been elected president, and we expected to find him in a pretty jubilant state. He wasn't.

"I'm happy about being honored by the Society, of course," he said, "but we're worried. Young people are consuming too much sweet stuff. They're being persuaded, really. When a dentist appears on a TV screen, for example, and advises children to chew gum after meals, that has a tremendous influence on the children. It is the sort of advertising that makes it more and more difficult to see that our patients are getting an adequate diet. I wish we could get control over that sort of thing."

Photo-Graphic
DR. LORNE SCOTT: Complaints later.

Dr. Scott was troubled, too, by the claims being made for some toothpastes. "We don't accept any results as conclusive until they have been checked by at least two reputable research groups," he said. "As yet, we can't recommend any anti-enzyme or antibiotic toothpaste, and the same goes for those with chlorophyll, penicillin or what-have-you in them. They are certainly not a cure-all, and we should emphasize that cutting down the intake of carbohydrates is still very important in the control of dental decay."

He brightened when fluoridation was mentioned. "Fluoridating water is one of the best ways of preventing decay," he said. "It helps the whole community, regardless of economic status. The cost in Brantford has been about 12 cents per person per year. The fluorine had been in the water for a month before any announcement was made. There were no complaints during that month, but the moment the announcement was made there were dozens of letters to the newspaper and complaints to the medical officer of health about the funny taste of the water. But the number of cavities in the teeth of school children declined rapidly. The Society wholeheartedly endorses the use of fluorine in civic water supplies."

Dr. Scott sighed. "There's so much to be done to convince people that good health depends on good teeth," he said, and we left with the impression that he would never be really happy until people looked after their teeth so well that dentists would become a vanishing race.

Down to Size

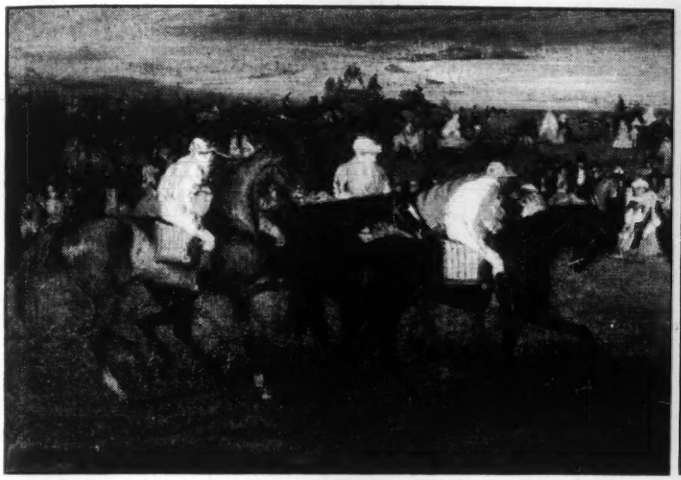
DR. SIDNEY SMITH, the President of the University of Toronto, recently enlivened an address in which he discussed the high cost of culture by quoting an efficiency expert's suggestions for making a symphony orchestra a less expensive proposition. The idea was that scores could be pruned of repetitious passages, instruments contributing only a few notes to the performance could be eliminated and demi-semi-quavers done away with to simplify the training of the musicians.

Application of time-chart methods to music can fill an idle moment with an amusing excursion into fantasy, but at the same time it might be a useful reminder that the idea of cutting symphony orchestras down to size is something better than a passing jest. Maintaining large orchestras is a luxury only the biggest cities can afford, and few centres have halls of the proper size.

Historically and musically there is much to be said for the small orchestra, the so-called "little symphony". The modern orchestra, often numbering well over a hundred players, is a vastly overblown instrument when compared with the one for which Haydn and Mozart wrote. Thirty to forty players were considered more than sufficient to perform the symphonies of these composers. There is, too, a whole library of fine but seldom heard music admirably suited to the smaller groups. What may be lost in percussive and dramatic effects is more than compensated for by the delicacy and grace which the smaller orchestra can achieve.

The Artist Visits the Racetrack

The Sport of Kings—A Fertile Source of Inspiration



"SCENE AT THE RACETRACK" BY EDGAR DEGAS (1834-1917)

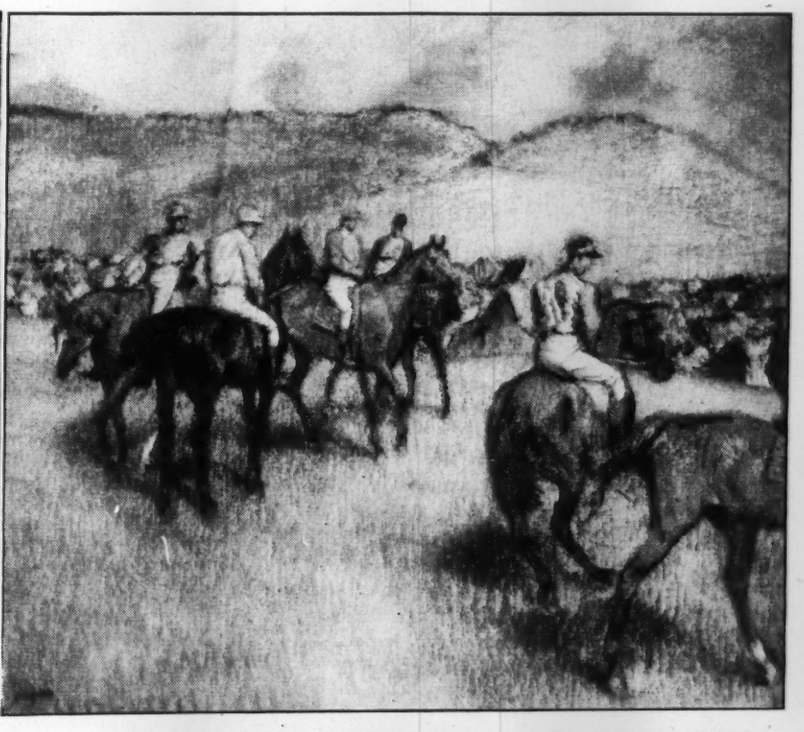
Horses and horsemanship have always compelled the attention of the world's artists. Sketches of horses and riders appear on prehistoric cave walls and in the earliest American Indian pictographs. Assyrian and Greek art celebrates them. During the Renaissance, Leonardo da Vinci delighted to do equestrian monuments. Rembrandt, Rubens, Durer, El Greco and Titian were among those who incorporated horses and riders into their great works.

"THE STRETCH RUN" BY EDOUARD MANET (1832-1883)

The racetrack had a special appeal for the Impressionist painters of France. Their chief aim was the study of color, light and movement. In the bright and transitory world of paddock and post-parade, they found an ideal theme. Monet, Manet, Pissarro and Lautrec used their candid-camera technique to record it. The famed Canadian impressionist, J. W. Morrice, painted one of his finest canvases at the St. Malo Racecourse.

"THE JOCKEY" BY TOULOUSE-LAUTREC (1864-1901)

Lautrec's idealized horses contrast strangely with his blunt portraits of humanity. Before his diseased and broken legs made him a dwarf, he spent much of his time riding. His father, a keen sportsman, modelled statuettes of horses, and Lautrec's art instructor, who was a painter of animals, taught him drawing at the Paris zoo.



"BEFORE THE RACES AT LONGCHAMPS RACETRACK" BY EDGAR DEGAS

Two favorite themes of Degas were racehorses and ballerinas. They served his love of depicting the momentary poses that occur in any action. To aid his observations, he often used photographs before composing his canvases. His passion for painting was disciplined by a severe academic training. Born into a wealthy family, he devoted his means and time solely to art. To render light more brilliantly, he used colored chalks for most of his great racetrack and ballet pictures.

Photos courtesy Druet, Knoedler and the Art Gallery of Toronto.

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Senatorial Score-board Haste and Leisure

By NORMAN WARD

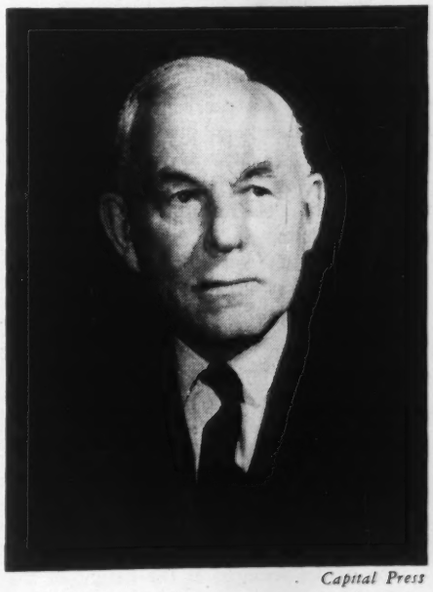
SHORTLY AFTER three o'clock on the afternoon of April 1, 1952, the Senate of Canada was formally advised that at five o'clock the Governor General's deputy would appear "for the purpose of giving Royal Assent to certain bills". After the announcement the Senate gave first reading to a bill which had just come from the House of Commons, appropriating $246,542,813 of the ratepayers' money for the fiscal year 1951-52. The Senate was clearly expected to vote the money before five. The leaders of both the government and opposition referred to the limited time at the Senate's disposal. "I do not intend to devote much time to discussing this measure now," Senator Haig, the Conservative head, remarked, "because apparently we are expected to have it passed by five o'clock this afternoon." The bill was given first, second, and third reading in succession, and received the Royal Assent at five.

Two days later, on April 3, the Senate adjourned until April 29 because, in the words of Senator Robertson, the Liberal leader, "the business presently before the house and in committee has been completed and, as far as I have been able to ascertain, there is no immediate likelihood of legislation coming to us from the other place". So the house of parliament which considered two hours as long enough in which to examine a bill spending nearly two and a half million dollars, almost immediately thereafter took three weeks off at Easter because it had nothing to do. The Commons' Easter adjournment was from April 9 to April 21.

This tale is by no means an isolated example of the Senate's legislative work. Later in the same session the Senate hung around from June 28 until July 4, meeting briefly on each sitting day, waiting for legislation to come from the Commons. The last bill to come up was an appropriation bill for $2,446,317,110.60 and, as before, the Senate was first informed that Royal Assent for certain bills would soon be sought, and then the enormous money bill received first reading. Second and third reading followed with machine-like precision, and the total debate on all three readings occupies less than one printed page in *Hansard*. One senator did all the debating and it took him, at the most, ten minutes.

The odd position which the Senate occupies in our legislative process is probably seen most clearly in its handling of money bills. The account of what goes on in the Senate during debates on appropriations is to some extent misleading, for a Senate committee commonly considers the government's main estimates at some length before bills to provide for spending the money appear in the Senate as a whole. But it would be equally misleading to assume that the Senate committee's work is necessarily of great value as a detailed critique of governmental expenditure. Committee consideration of the main estimates in 1952 involved the hearing of evidence from several experts from both within and without the government, but the evidence elicited little more than interesting information.

The Senate is in many ways the victim of circumstances over which it has little or no control. For a variety of reasons, most important legislation begins in the House of Commons, and the Senate must wait until the Commons is finished before senatorial work can begin. Often, too, there are pressing reasons why a bill should become law as soon as it has passed the Commons, and the Senate can delay bills only at the risk of annoying both the Commons and the Cabinet. The Senate probably does not feel that its position either in the governmental process or in public esteem is strong enough to warrant many delays in passing legislation. Sometimes the Senate does an excellent job when scrutinizing legislation, as it has done recently on the Criminal Code. The Minister of Justice, one of two ministers from the Commons who spoke to the Senate in 1952, assured the senators that their work on the Bankruptcy Bill of 1949 "did much more than cut our task (in the Commons) in two; I should think it probably reduced it by about 90 per cent".



Capital Press

SENATOR HAIG: For more debate.

Capital Press

SENATOR ROBERTSON: 73 columns.

Music like that is not often heard in and about the Senate. One reason is that it is not easy for a non-Senator, trying to appraise the Senate's work from watching it and reading its documents, to avoid the conclusion that few Senators are ever going to perish from overwork.

The Senate's record can be studied in at least two ways. You can read its debates and reports over several years; or you can take a single session and analyze its contents to see what went on. The danger there is that a single session may not be typical. The 1954 session is not over, and in 1953 parliament met under the pressure of having to conclude its work in time for the Coronation. Let's go back, therefore, to the session of 1952, which was as typical as any session can be.

The session ran from February 28 to November 20, with an adjournment lasting from July 4 until the last day. The Senate met, after the opening day, on 14 days in March, five in April, 16 in May, 19 in June and four in July. Until the end of March, the Senate worked a three-day week, from Tuesday to Thursday. From April to late June the Senate work-

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ed either a three- or a four-day week, usually adjourning each Thursday until the following Monday or Tuesday evening.

Attendance in the Senate, unlike that in the Commons, is recorded daily in the Journals. Eighty-five senators were on the roster at the start of 1952, and in no month did the average daily attendance exceed 60. In the dying days of the session, when the Senate was awaiting the year's last appropriation bill, attendance declined precipitously, and for the last five days before July 4 the Journals listed 27, 29, 27, 25, and finally 23 senators. Generally throughout the session from 60 to 65 senators appeared daily in the house, with the figure on occasion dropping to 40 and rising to 70. The Senate's attendance statistics, it should be added, compare favorably with the Commons. At the three dozen divisions in the Commons in 1952, the number voting ranged from 76 to 199, out of the total of 262. In over one-third of the divisions, the names of fewer than half the members of the Commons were listed, and in only one-fifth of the divisions did the total vote exceed 150.

The relatively high attendance of senators at their daily sittings is no indication of what goes on in the Senate. There are many silent senators. Over 20 of the 85 senators did not speak at all during the 1952 session, and as many spoke only once or twice. At the other extreme is a small group whose members account for a large proportion of the record.

One of the results of this widespread reticence is that the daily sitting of the Senate is short. Discussion of particular bills may be prolonged, and sometimes the Senate gives a brisk three readings to a bill because one of its committees has already spent some time on it. Senator Haig remarked on June 3, 1952, that "if we discuss in the house the matters we now deal with in committee rooms, Canada would be better served and the public generally would know more of what was happening".

Senator Robertson argued in the same debate that it was untrue to suggest that major legislation was peremptorily dealt with in the Senate, and defended his stand with statistics taken from the session of 1951. He said that 26 senators had participated in a debate consuming 73 columns of *Hansard* over the Dairy Products Bill of 1951, which took longer than any other bill to get through the upper house in that year.

The mere fact that the government leader in one house of parliament should feel obliged to tally up senators and columns of *Hansard* in defence of the house is remarkably revealing. What is even more revealing is that 73 columns—37½ pages — represent only about five hours of discussion.

The active senator, at the height of the parliamentary season, may spend a lot more time in committee meetings than in the Senate, and for this reason the shortness of the daily sittings is misleading as an indication of Senate activity. Several times in 1952 the government leader, on adjourning the house after a brief sitting, reminded the senators that two or three committees were to meet immediately. As a matter of fact, one of the sharp distinctions that can be drawn between debates in the Commons and the Senate depends on the frequency with which senators are reassured by having their attention drawn to their teeming legislative life. On June 10, Senator Robertson told the 49 senators in the house that the Committee on Banking and Commerce was to meet as soon as the house adjourned, and added, "I bespeak for the meeting the usual good attendance". The committee had 50 members, and 22 of them showed up at the meeting of June 10.

Since there are only 85 senators, and several committees with memberships of 50, a senator obviously may be a member of two committees meeting simultaneously, so that he cannot attend them both. The most industrious committee in parliament, the Senate's Committee on Divorce, had 15 members in 1952, and we have the word of its chairman, Senator Aseltine, that the average daily attendance was 12. Furthermore, the committee worked six days a week, plowing its way through 372 petitions for divorce.

Quantitative measurements are of limited use in appraising the work of either a senator or the Senate, and it would be unfair to go too far in speculating about the significance of statistics. But when all the quantitative measurements point in the same direction, the direction is one that can be taken with some confidence.

Two opinions seem inescapable. In the first place, it seems obvious that the Senate occupies a very small place in the legislative process in Canada. A house that gives three readings in one sitting to important bills which its members may have been unable to read even once, and furthermore must pass the bills under the deadline of an impending Royal Assent, cannot expect to be taken seriously as either a legislative or a deliberative body. In the second place, a few senators appear to do most of the work for which the Senate as a whole gets credit.

A third opinion is also unavoidable: the concentration here on the 1952 session should not be allowed to obscure the probability that a reading of the records of any other session would yield the same results. One of the most distinguished senators we have, comparing the Senate with the Commons, remarked in 1949 that, "In this chamber there is a more serene atmosphere than in another place". I've been reading the Senate's debates and reports for years without encountering a single sentence that would lead me to disagree with him.

Letter from London

Singing Birds and Edwardian Thugs

By Beverley Nichols

IN THE DAYS of the first Elizabeth, England earned the pretty title, "A Nest of Singing Birds". This title was earned, not by her choristers nor by her composers—who were few and far between— but by her poets. The very lanes ran poetry; lyrics bloomed as freely as wild roses.

Today, I think, we might claim the same title on literal grounds. There is music, music everywhere.

This thought struck me forcibly on my return to London after a three weeks' absence on the Riviera. At the airport I bought a small publication which listed the projected plans for the week. In it no less than thirty concerts were announced, ranging from huge affairs at the Albert Hall and the Festival Hall, featuring internationally famous musical stars, to intimate recitals given by practically unknown artists. In addition there are two opera seasons in full swing at Covent Garden and Sadler's Wells. All this plus the bewildering range of musical programs which are offered by the BBC. On any day of the week you can hear three—if not four—full orchestral concerts and a host of recitals and chamber music programs.

One might be tempted to suppose that with all this music going on, the standard of the performances would suffer by dilution of talent. But this is not so.

Recently I was privileged to be present when Sir Malcolm Sargent was rehearsing the BBC Symphony Orchestra and the BBC Choral Society for a broadcast of Sir William Walton's *"Belshazzar's Feast"*. It was an eye—and ear—opener. Sir Malcolm can only be described as impeccable, not just for his carefully brushed hair and the perfectly cut suits he wears (with the inevitable carnation in his buttonhole), but for his attention to the smallest detail of the performances he conducts.

As he rehearsed this turbulent and staggering work, his slim, lithe figure twisted and turned and writhed like a small black demon in the centre of a cyclone, controlling the fury of the elements with his magic wand.

He was indeed controlling it, for suddenly, when everything was going full blast, with the sopranos giving up their souls, the strings tearing their hearts out and the brasses blowing fit to bust, his arm would stay rigid. There would be an instant silence, and through that silence came a small voice, reproving. "Not pom pom tee *yah;* it's pom pom *tee* yah. Watch that, please. Now again."

Then a wave of the hand and the storm would burst out once more.

I cannot help comparing this state of things with what goes on—or rather, does *not* go on, on the Riviera. You would think that this glamorous playground, where a sizable portion of the world's private wealth is recklessly squandered, would be a mecca for the arts. It is nothing of the kind. You will find there every kind of medium for indulging the body—beneficial and otherwise— but absolutely nothing to stimulate the mind. You don't notice this so much when the sun is blazing overhead and the sea is sparkling and the flowers are dazzling you in incredible profusion. But if you have bad weather, as I had, you suddenly realize there is simply nothing to do. There are occasional opera and ballet performances in the exquisite baroque theatre attached to the Casino at Monte Carlo, but the general standard, compared with London, is so low that they do not signify.

BBC

SIR MALCOLM SARGENT: Controlling the fury of the elements with his wand.

And the expense! For my hotel room—pleasant but by no means luxurious— I had to pay 5,000 francs a day (in the off-season!). A small steak cost 2,000 francs, a ten-minute drive in a taxi that might have come out of an early Chaplin film—3,000 francs. It is the same all over France, as I hear from several of my friends who went over to Paris for Easter. One of them had to pay 1,500 francs for a haircut in an ordinary barber's shop.

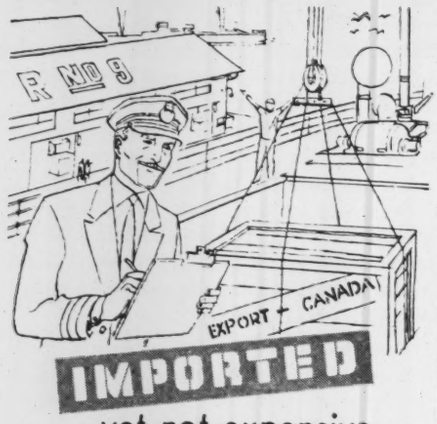
So it was quite a shock, when I arrived back at London Airport and had a drink in the comfortable lounge, actually to be given change for a ten-shilling note. It was like stepping into a new world.

And it *is* a new world, I suddenly realized. Outside it was getting dark; through the large windows of the lounge I could see the vast runways lit up and marked with a myriad of colored lights, meaning nothing to me, but everything to the precise and efficient men who pilot the thundering airliners to the furthest parts of the world. As each of these monsters—so graceful in the air and so lumbering on the ground—raced its engines before the take-off, one had the feeling of watching the departure of an endless stream of odysseys. Who were those dim figures, vaguely discernible through the lit windows of the main cabin? Where were they going? What were their ambitions—their fears? An exciting and new world—and infinitely romantic.

On a previous occasion I had strange confirmation of this feeling from a pretty young air hostess at London Airport, Isobel Carson. Strange, because you would imagine that flying had long lost any thrill for her and just become a job.

"I don't think of it as a job," she said. "It's—well—it's a sort of vocation. It's Life to me, with a capital L. Perhaps you'll think I'm posing if I tell you that as soon as I'm airborne I feel a sort of elation which isn't just physical, but spiritual as well. But I'm not posing. It's true. I *do* feel I'm in a younger, cleaner, more exciting world."

EXCITING. I think if one is to understand the youth of today, one must realize that they crave excitement. Teenagers—especially in London—can still remember the incessant bombing during the war. After a time, by sheer repetition, it lost its terror for children, and became merely an exciting adventure (for many, alas, it was their last). And this acceptance of adventure as part of normal life has remained with them. In most cases the youngsters find harmless outlets; you can see them, every week-end, thronging the roads that lead out of the capital, to explore the countryside on their bicycles —a hundred miles in a day is nothing to them. Others turn to the arts for their excitement. You will see droves of them in the National Gallery, the Tate and the museums. And one of the most moving sights in London is to see the hundreds of eager, rapt faces of the boys and girls who crowd the standing room at the



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Promenade Concerts in the Albert Hall.

But there is another side to this picture of London's youth. For in many districts gangs of young thugs have sprung up, terrifying the neighborhood by their wanton hooliganism. They have a curious similarity in their appearance. The really smart young thug adopts the "Edwardian look", with stove-pipe trousers, velvet-collared jacket and fancy waistcoat. His hair is something of a work of art, being swept up and back at the side, with the front and top crimped into little ringlets. Some of them are known to patronize women's hairdressers for a "perm"!

But this effeminate appearance is quite misleading, for they are just about as tough as they come. They carry knuckle-dusters, coshes and sharpened bicycle chains: fearful weapons which they use ruthlessly against their victims. Here again is the same lust for adventure—but horribly and sadly perverted.

It takes a Methodist minister, the Rev. Douglas Griffiths, not only to understand this but to do something about it. He runs a youth club in the Wandsworth Road, which has been the object of more than one attack by these boy-gangs. He has openly challenged the leaders to meet him at any place of their own choosing, to come and have a chat and see what can be done to put a stop to all this. He hopes to find a way to turn their bravado into "really adventurous channels" and to give them a new sense of responsibility. His challenge has been accepted, and my bet is that Mr. Griffiths will produce results.

I AM sure that personal contacts achieve much more than any amount of argy-bargy by corporate bodies, like governments. I am thinking of a remarkable achievement of a young friend of mine, Peter Daubeny. As I have told you before, Peter served with distinction in the war, and lost an arm at Salerno. When he came out of the Army he announced that he intended to be a theatrical manager. He has kept his word in spite of endless and relentless efforts on the part of the established managers—who form a tightly-woven web around the London theatre—to squeeze him out.

He has created history and something of a sensation by bringing to one of the largest theatres the Moscow State Dance Company. The effect of these phenomenal girl dancers on the public has been quite amazing, and the press has really let itself go about their charm and wonderful technique.

But the important thing is that Moscow has come to London. Who knows what will result in the way of international understanding from even such a tiny personal contact of thirty talented girls? And how much goodwill will two of our star ballet dancers, Margot Fonteyn and Michael Somes, take with them when they go to Yugoslavia this month to dance the leading roles in Swan Lake? Let us not forget that a small snowball can start an avalanche.

QUITE a number of the many letters I receive from Canada come from young people—boys and girls—who are ambitious enough to want to come to London and become big-timers. They represent a variety of professions, but the majority are engaged in journalism or one of the arts. Often they enclose newspaper cuttings telling of the success they have already had in the various cities of Canada.

"What sort of chance do I stand in London?" they ask. "As Anglo-American relations seem to be strained, will my Canadian accent be a handicap?" These questions deserve serious answers.

For a start, Anglo-American relations are *not* strained in Britain. If you drop into any public-house near where American servicemen are stationed, you will find them drinking their "bitter" and playing darts like any of the local inhabitants. There are occasional rows, of course, but for the main part the Americans are quickly absorbed in our social pattern.

As for a Canadian accent being a handicap, that is just nonsense. In fact, the reverse is more true. It will open many doors for you and you will find most people eager to help you.

But—and here is where I must speak plainly—a lot of young Canadians come over here expecting to hit the town wide open and start at the top. That's where they are so wrong. The top is already occupied by exceptional men and women, and there are many brilliant ones coming up. In London, especially, the competition is the keenest in the world, and only those who have really got what it takes make the grade.

My advice to you is: come over by all means, but bring enough money with you to keep you going for about six months, and be prepared to be humble for a bit. Forget London to begin with, and try and get a start in one of the provincial cities where the level of competition is nearer what you have been used to.

On the other hand, if you come over to *study*—especially one of the arts—then London can provide you with the best liberal education in the world. The art galleries and museums are free to all, there are lectures on every conceivable subject, and there are many organizations like the Polytechnic, where expert tuition can be had at very low cost. I have already mentioned the concerts where you can hear the finest artists in the world, and you can study acting, not only at the drama academies, but in any of the forty-one theatres which are showing in the West End alone.

So do. You can "tell us how". But there are some things we can still tell you.

The Social Scene

Father's Day: Manufactured Tradition

By Hugh Garner

IN RECENT times we have been plagued by the birth of hundreds of commemorative, and phoney, days or weeks outwardly dedicated to "service" but secretly aimed at the parting of the North American citizen from his hard-earned buck. There is hardly a day in the year that does not now represent one or more vital and patriotic commemorations such as National Onion Week, United Cleaners and Dyers Day, Be Kind To Our Feathered Friends Week or International French Dressing Day, and others even more outlandish. Through the lavish use of publicity funds and the febrile slogans dreamed up by an army of literary hacks, the public has been finagled into believing that not to go along with the gag is tantamount to admitting anti-social tendencies or even treason. In servile hordes we smother everything in onions, stop knocking birds' nests out of trees, spread French dressing on our pancakes, and send our other suit to the cleaners.

A few Sundays ago was Mother's Day, and the Sabbath quiet was broken by the self-satisfied tread of dutiful sons and daughters lugging potted aspidistras to poor old Mom in the old folks' home, while the same boxes of cheap candy that had worn in turn Christmas, Valentine and Easter wrappers now blossomed out in a gaudy new jacket dedicated to maternal fidelity. Not content with prodding the population into a one-day exhibition of love to mother, the perpetrators of this social gaffe have dreamed up a companion caper, Father's Day. This is a sure-fire way to clear the shelves of unsold Christmas neckties and briar pipes, but the National Father's Day Committee is not stopping with that. They are attempting to spread the affair over the preceding week, from June 13 to 20, which should be named, How To Frustrate Father Week, but isn't. As a father who believes in a live-and-let-live attitude toward his children and who likes to buy his own neckties, I am against the celebration.

For those who are in favor of the Day, to say nothing of the Week, here are some things to remember. The official flower is a red rose for the living and a white rose for the dead; the official color is blue, and the official menu consists of "chicken, cranberry sauce, cake—and all the trimmings". The theme is "Good citizenship begins at home", and the official poster shows a father and his children beaming at a table bearing chicken, cranberry sauce and cake, and a cornucopia out of which is pouring a veritable flood of gaily-wrapped gifts. The prime instigator of the affair is a New Yorker named Alvin Austin, and the committee is formed of Mrs. Howard Chandler Christy, Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen Rohde, Mrs. Oliver Harriman, Mrs. William B. Bankhead, Mrs. Eddie Rickenbacker, Mrs. George E. Ruppert, Mrs. Lawrence Tibbett, Judge Jeremiah T. Mahoney, The Colonial Sons and Daughters and The Camp Fire Girls.

The week's program is to consist of the following activities: Father and Child Tours (taking the family on a trip through daddy's company); Father and Child Dinners (at which there should be a selection of the company's Father of the Year, with prizes to the tallest dad, the father with the largest family, father with the most sons, father working for the company the longest time, and so on). There should also be Father and Child Sports, Hiking and Camping Trips, Spelling Bees, Hobby Shows, Educational Trips, Motion Picture Parties, Father and Child Discussions, and Father and Child Contests (checkers, bowling, chess, baseball, ping-pong, badminton, horseshoes, dancing, and handball are favored). A footnote at the bottom of the program says that the press should be notified in advance of any activities planned.

THE National Father's Day Committee poster: Children, chicken and a cornucopia.

Right here and now I am informing the press that I am unable to take part in any of the planned activities for the following diverse but legitimate reasons. Our office is mad enough now without cluttering it up with hundreds of screaming moppets who will spill the files and run their jammy fingers over the typewriter keys. I am definitely the least likely candidate for "Father of the Year", and I am quite unlikely to be either the tallest, the most virile, the father of the most sons, or the company's oldest daddy. I took my hiking and camping trips with fellows my own age years ago, and fathers were banned then and still are as far as I am concerned. I'd be afraid to pit myself in a spelling bee with my children. My only hobby is reading, and my children don't like to read over my shoulder. Educational trips bore both parents and children stiff. My and my children's taste in movies are not reconcilable. We have Father and Child discussions every evening when they don't come home before dark.

As for the Father and Child Contests, I can beat them hollow in checkers, haven't bowled in years, can't play chess, never could play baseball as well as my children can, gave up ping-pong even before it was rechristened "table tennis", am too fat and out of condition to even attempt badminton or handball, had to stop playing horseshoes when I threw a perfect ringer through the cellar window, and I quit dancing when my dancing days gave way to a baby-sitting career with the birth of my first child.

I am not kidding myself that anything I may say here will help to stem the tide of immature buffoonery that such committee-bred shenanigans as "Father's Day" will engender in the pliant minds of the great North American human herd. The herd has been following self-appointed bell-wethers such as Mr. Alvin Austin up and down the daisy trails for too long to be turned back now. It looks as though we bought a bill of goods and are stuck with it.

So remember, Fathers, the big week is June 13-20! Get out there and be a real pal and pain in the neck to your children. You'll all be fed up to the teeth with it by Monday, June 21, but I'm sure the Committee and their backers will be proud of you. And after all, isn't that what counts?

•

Miss Margaret Smith is recovering from surgery performed decently at St. Paul Hospital.—*Saskatoon Star-Phoenix.*

Not gaudy but neat, eh?

•

Royal Navy Developing New Device for Laudings.—*Headline in The Calgary Herald.*

There goes the Silent Service again.

Ottawa Letter

The Troubles of Party Leaders

By John A. Stevenson

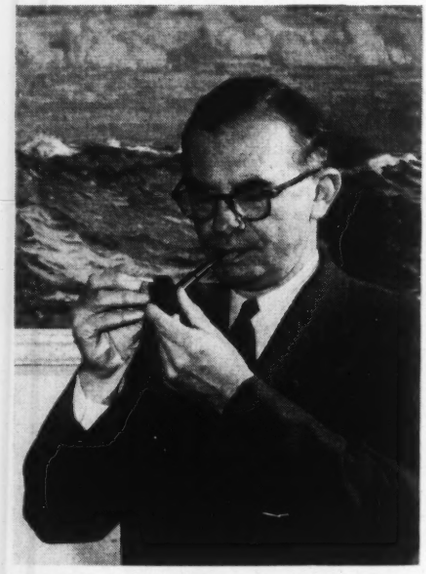
A SLOW BUT STEADY waddle through its business has enabled the House of Commons to make sufficient progress with it to produce talk about June 12 as the target for prorogation. Day after day estimates have been the staple fare on the parliamentary menu and the opposition were not unduly inquisitive or censorious until Mr. Claxton, the Minister for National Defence, who remains their *bête noire* among Ministers, sought endorsation for his votes.

A year ago Mr. Claxton was a stag at bay, facing a snarling pack of critics, whose fangs were bared for his destruction. When he confronted them again, he had shed much of his former peevish disdain for criticism and, if his enemies were still on his trail, they were less ravenous for his blood. But they soon made it clear that they had scant confidence in him as an administrator and felt that his department was not giving the country proper value for its enormous annual outlays of about $2 billion.

Colonel D. S. Harkness (PC, Calgary East) made a powerful indictment, buttressed with disquieting facts and figures, of the Department's sins of omission and commission and Mr. Drew gave specific reasons for his belief that the Reserve Army was only a shadow, without any real substance. All parties joined once more in demanding the establishment of a standing committee of the Commons, whose task would be to review all expenditures upon defence, but Mr. Claxton gave no sign of conversion to belief in the need for it.

The banking and commerce committee of the Commons nearly completed its scrutiny of the amendments proposed by the Government for the Bank Act and the Bank of Canada Act. The outstanding feature of its latter sittings has been the scornful reception given by most of the committee to a rather woolly exposition of the Social Credit faith by the Hon. Lucien Maynard, the Attorney-General of Alberta, and a valiant but unsuccessful effort by J. M. Macdonnell (PC, Toronto Greenwood) to persuade Mr. Abbott that the Government's now unfettered powers to control credit and currency should be limited by the curb of Parliament's authority, lest a more irresponsible Ministry misuse them.

Developments in the war between the Federal Government and the provincial ministry of Quebec have not brought a concordat much nearer. Premier Duplessis has announced that he will devote a substantial part of the proceeds of his provincial tax, about $16 million, to grants to educational institutions in Quebec. McGill and Bishop's College, for example, will actually receive larger sums than they would have got if Mr. Duplessis had permitted them to take their shares of the Federal grant to universities. He has also intimated that his government



DEFENCE MINISTER CLAXTON

will have no truck or trade with the Federal Government's housing program and demanded that it withdraw completely from the field of succession duties.

At a recent press conference, after reiterating his demand for the full deduction of his provincial tax from Federal income taxation, Mr. Duplessis proclaimed his willingness to discuss the problems involved with the Federal Cabinet. But he warned that Ottawa must not expect him to depart from the three basic proposals he had made in 1945: that there should be an explicit definition of the respective rights of the Federal and provincial authorities about taxation, that the methods of tax collection should be simplified, and that agreement on a policy of moderate taxation should be reached.

He vitiated the value of this overture by accusing the St. Laurent Ministry of a sinister design "to change the very basis of Confederation and our responsible government" and rehashed his favourite appeal to racial sentiment with the resounding declaration, "We cannot and never will sell Quebec's sacred rights because they ensure our life and survival". The view in government circles was that the overture has not altered the situation and that a press conference is not the proper agency for beginning delicate negotiations.

Meanwhile, Prime Minister St. Laurent has been wearing a somewhat harassed look and his colleagues and followers are reported to be noting an absence of his old urbanity in his dealings with them. The story that he returned from his global tour as vigorous as ever is not completely accurate, as such an aerial journey was bound to take some toll of the physical reserves of a man in his seventies. Now he finds himself deeply involved in what must be to him a most unpleasant controversy with the government of his beloved province of Quebec. The comfort he has derived from the almost unbroken loyalty of his followers from Quebec can only partially offset the anxieties he must feel about the accumulating evidence that Duplessis's crusade has enormously weakened the Liberal party in Quebec and diminished his own popularity.

In his latter years Laurier was constantly obsessed by the fear that Henri Bourassa would supplant him as the political idol of the French-Canadians, and this dread was largely responsible for his resolute opposition to military conscription in 1917. Mr. St. Laurent has not yet climbed to the high pinnacle of veneration on which Laurier stood in Quebec, but a year ago he clearly commanded the admiration and affection of the great majority of his racial compatriots and his popularity with them seemed unshakable. Now he finds himself pilloried as a would-be betrayer of the provincial rights and the sacred cultural heritage of Quebec and sees a multitude of his former admirers believing this unfounded accusation. It is a setback which must dismay and worry him and, unless his position can be quickly retrieved, it may well affect his decision about the Liberal leadership in another election. If he found himself bereft of even half of the present Liberal seats in Quebec, it is doubtful if a victory in all the other provinces would be healing balm for such a wound.

He can console himself with the knowledge that Mr. Drew has just as much reason to be worried about the situation. Mr. Drew must know by this time that his espousal of the cause of Mr. Duplessis is highly distasteful to many of his followers, both inside and outside of Parliament and his most valuable supporter among the newspapers, the Toronto *Globe and Mail*, has now pronounced it a dubious venture.

The actions of Mr. Duplessis suggest a desire to transform Canada into a North

American replica of the now defunct Austro-Hungarian Empire, with Quebec in the role of Hungary and the rest of Canada filling the position of Austria. That Empire had a common Parliament, but Hungary was a state within a state and its ruling authorities claimed and asserted a right of veto over the policies of the whole Empire. The pretensions of Mr. Duplessis are hardly less and many Conservatives are appalled by the commitment of their party, which by its traditions ought to be an unwavering preserver of national unity, to support such divisive claims.

It is also on the cards that Mr. St. Laurent will have to undertake a reorganization of his Cabinet before another session begins.

Mr. Abbott remains firm in his resolve to leave the Ministry of Finance and, if the French-Canadians can be persuaded to accept him as a representative of Quebec on the Supreme Court, he might take the seat which will be vacant when Chief Justice Rinfret retires.

Mr. Chevrier, the Minister of Transport, is accredited with a desire to abandon politics and take the chairmanship of the Commission that is to be established to supervise the construction of the St. Lawrence Seaway and manage it after completion. On the whole, Mr. Chevrier has an excellent record as a Minister and he is well liked by his political opponents. Normally he would have some claim to the leadership of the Liberal party, but it is unthinkable that it would choose as Mr. St. Laurent's successor another French-Canadian and especially one whose seat was in Ontario. The familiarity with the problems of the seaway which Mr. Chevrier has acquired gives him special qualifications for the projected chairmanship; the attraction of a lucrative salary, not exposed to the vicissitudes of elections, and a settled task of high responsibility may well appeal to him.

Mr. Winters, the Minister of Public Works, is under strong pressure from the Liberal faithful in Nova Scotia to step out of the Federal arena and become their provincial leader. They feel that Harold Connolly, who is now Premier in the place of the late Angus Macdonald, can never bend the bow of that Ulysses and, being an Irish Catholic, hope to keep the votes of the large Highland Scottish element in the province, who were devoted supporters of Mr. Macdonald. Mr. Winters would have a much better prospect of holding this support and he has intimated that he is giving the offer careful consideration. But the last provincial election showed that the tide had turned against the Liberal party in Nova Scotia and the present impression in Ottawa is that Mr. Winters likes his present post too well to leave it and face the risk of being cast two years hence for the role of the leader of a provincial opposition.

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BRITISH COLUMBIA 1954

The vast Kitimat hydroelectric and aluminum smelter project will be turning out aluminum by mid-summer this year.

Completion of Kenney Dam in October, 1952, was the first major milestone. In December, 1953, the ten-mile, 25-foot diameter water tunnel was "holed through" Mount DuBose in the world-record time of 21 months. Three 140,000 H.P. generators are now in position in the Kemano underground powerhouse, and power will soon pass along the 50-mile transmission line to Kitimat.

At Kitimat, in former wilderness, potlines for the first phase of production have been installed. Aluminum at the rate of 91,500 tons a year is scheduled to flow from Kitimat this year, thus increasing Alcan's ingot capacity to over one and a quarter billion pounds annually.

QUEBEC 1953

In Quebec, Alcan completed two new powerhouses and augmented its aluminum smelting facilities during 1953.

The new generating stations at Chute du Diable and Chute a la Savane on the Peribonka River — one of the principal tributaries of Lake St. John — have a combined generating capacity of 540,000 H.P. The total installed generating capacity of Alcan's power plants in Quebec has thereby been increased to 2,580,000 H.P.

The rated annual capacity of the added aluminum smelting facilities at Isle Maligne is 71,500 tons a year. By the end of 1953 ingot capacity in Alcan's four Quebec smelters — at Shawinigan Falls, Arvida, Isle Maligne and Beauharnois — totalled over one billion pounds a year, or about a quarter of world capacity.

Alcan embarked in 1951 on an expansion programme to meet the increased demand for aluminum. This programme, divided into two principal parts, is completed in Quebec and nearing conclusion in British Columbia.

In the fifty-four years since the first Canadian aluminum plant opened at Shawinigan Falls, Canada's aluminum industry has grown to be the second largest in the world; and Canada now exports more aluminum than any other country.

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Foreign Affairs

The Quarrel Between Britain and the U.S.

By Willson Woodside

THE BRITISH are committed, by all their traditions and beliefs, to negotiating. The dream of a British statesman is to carry off a conference, as Castlereagh did the Congress of Vienna and Disraeli did Berlin, at which affairs are settled in a businesslike and, if possible, a gentlemanly manner, for some time to come.

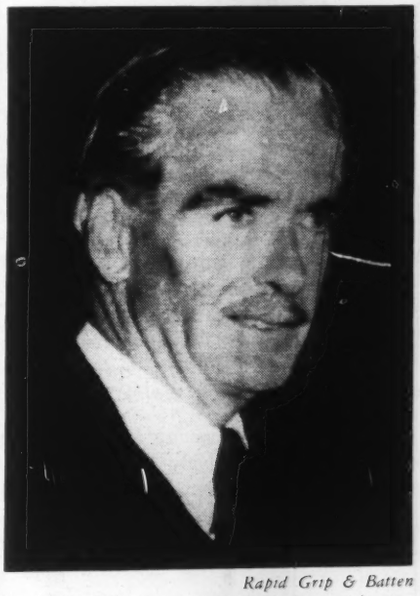
Mr. Eden soon made it clear that he was in his element at Geneva, playing a leading role in a large international conference for the first time since San Francisco. One of the delegates, a Chinese Communist, declared that Eden was "the king of the conference". I know just what he meant, for I thought at San Francisco that Eden was the outstanding figure—although in a gathering that included few really first-rate leaders.

At Geneva, in a speech which some reporters said was the most impressive to date, Mr. Eden launched his effort to find some compromise between the plans submitted by the French, the Vietnamese and the rebel Vietminh with this simple statement: "As I understand it, we are all agreed that the first step is to get the fighting stopped in an orderly manner".

Of course, all decent people want to see the fighting stopped. Of course, it should be stopped in an orderly manner. But one can only hope that Mr. Eden didn't believe what he was saying, but was only trying to be polite and diplomatic, and that he didn't believe what he went on to say: "I assume that arrangements are in hand at Dienbienphu for dealing with the wounded". To set up and knock down such beautiful, humanitarian statements is one of the most unpleasant duties I know. But it's enough to make a person knock his head against the wall, just to think that a leading Western statesman may actually believe such things at this stage in the struggle against Communist bestiality.

Of course the Communists do *not* want the fighting stopped during the negotiation, much less stopped in an orderly manner. Didn't they show during nearly two years of negotiation in Korea that it is precisely then that they stage their biggest attacks, sacrifice men most recklessly in screaming "human-sea" assaults, to try to influence the negotiations? Isn't this precisely what they have done at Dienbienphu? They staged the attack to influence Geneva; they kept on with it, at ever mounting cost, to undermine the French and Vietnamese bargaining power, to create confusion and, if possible, chaos, but certainly not order.

The day the first headline came out about French hopes that the Vietminh would hand over the wounded I showed it without comment to a celebrated Soviet refugee. In a matter-of-fact way he remarked: "But, naturally, the Communists will keep them for bargaining. They will use them to bring pressure on the French." And there is Mr. Eden, one of our most decent and respected figures, standing before Molotov, Chou, Nam Il and Pham Dong, talking as though we all belonged to the same world of values, where one can "assume" that the decent and humanitarian thing will be done.



Rapid Grip & Batten

EDEN: Can he really believe it?

It is the same attitude that has prevented the British from joining in talks on forming a South-East Asia Pact while the Geneva Conference is going on, and thereby getting into the nastiest public fight with Washington since MacArthur days. The British know the rules by which conferences are conducted. One of the chief of these is that you mustn't put pressure on the other fellow whilst you are sitting across the table from him. And the British are noted for playing according to the rules. Remember the submarine skipper who sighted the "Bremen" in his periscope, in the early days of the war, off Norway, and decided it wouldn't be cricket to sink her?

So all these weeks the Government in London has continued to reject any notion of putting pressure on the Communist enemy during the Geneva Conference by commencing negotiations for a South-East Asia Pact. There are other British motives, it is true. The British strongly, and rightly, objected to having Mr. Dulles fly over to get their adherence to a prospective pact before he had secured the adherence of his own Congress, or even his own party. The British resented their long exclusion from the ANZUS pact, for which they were considered by Washington to be too tainted with colonialism.

The British have always taken a more political view of the South-East Asian situation, whereas the Americans tend in their haste to think chiefly of military factors. On the political side the Americans would be content with a French grant of full independence to the three Associated States of Indo-China; as for Nehru, they certainly have no intention of waiting on his education to the Commuist danger, or being deterred by his neutrality or his hostility. The British pay a great deal of attention to India's position and believe that the support of those independent Asian nations that met recently at Colombo—India, Pakistan, Ceylon, Burma and Indonesia—is indispensable to any really effective stand against Communist expansion in this part of the world.

Ceylon, Pakistan and Burma showed their awareness of the Communist menace by opposing Nehru's policy at the Colombo meeting; but the support of these Asian nations is only to be obtained by quiet and extended negotiation. As the *Economist* puts it, "A white man's SEATO would be an effective fighting body, but it would not be an effective political body".

Many in Canada, in the midst of all the clamor of Washington press conferences and the squalid McCarthy show, will instinctively favor the British attitude. Yet is there not a feeling running through it all that the British, while blaming the Americans for threshing around trying to do something, would rather not do anything about Indo-China, just as they did nothing about Iran, and are doing nothing about Suez and Cyprus?

In the midst of all the confusion, the Americans must be given credit for insisting, as a basis for intervention in Indo-China, that (1) the three Indo-Chinese states be given full independence, (2) these states must ask the U.S. to come in, (3) their own armies must be built up, so that they can guard their freedom when it is secured, (4) other free nations must join in the rescue, and (5) the UN must condemn aggression in Indo-China.

Books

Greetings, Humanoids! Drag Over a Cyclotron

By Robertson Davies

NEARLY TWENTY YEARS AGO it was my task to read all of the one thousand and six pages of *Histriomastix*, a tiresome book in which a psychotic puritan named William Prynne set forth his reasons for disliking the theatre and everything connected with it; the experience left me with a dislike of polemic. I was uncomfortably reminded of Prynne when I read Dr. Fredric Wertham's book, luridly called *Seduction of the Innocent*, in which he discusses the influence of comic books on the youth of today. There was the same immoderate tone, the same rumble of wooden thunder. Yet I finished the book with a feeling that Dr. Wertham was in the right, that comic books are seriously corrupting in their influence, and that something should be done to suppress them. We have a law in Canada, of course, which forbids the importation of some of the worst of these books, but it does not seem to be very effectively enforced. I was convinced by Dr. Wertham not because of his style of argument, which I dislike and distrust, but because of the evidence that he presents, which cannot be disregarded or forgotten.

Suppressors of books and censors of reading matter I must count among my natural enemies. But as Dr. Wertham points out, comic books cannot claim the consideration that belongs to even the humblest works of literature. They are books of pictures, easily understood by people who cannot read; they are not comic, though they appear in a form made familiar by other popular picture strips that may fairly claim to be so; they are not to be confused with the comic strips that appear in most newspapers, for there are few newspapers that would print them; they are not pornographic in the gross sense, though they are pornographic in intention and effect. They are something fairly new in the world, there is nothing admirable or innocent about them, and Dr. Wertham estimates that 90 million of them are read each month. In the face of the doctor's barrage of evidence against the comic books, my liberal detestation of suppression undergoes the same modification that I suppose would effect my benevolence toward animals if I were to be confronted with a poisonous snake.

Specifically, Dr. Wertham charges that these books teach and make attractive crime in all its forms; that they present a debased concept of sex; that they show a world governed by typically fascist attitudes of violence, hate and destruction; that they make homosexuality and sadism appear normal and even attractive; that they teach a doctrine of Might over Right; and that they discourage reading and are destructive of language.

These charges cannot be brushed aside by saying that we all read trashy books in childhood. Penny dreadfuls very rarely made crime attractive, for the hero was usually a detective or somebody on the side of law and decency. The mainspring of many penny dreadful plots was chivalry, of a cheap but not unwholesome

ONE of the milder "comic" panels.

kind. The heroes of penny dreadfuls were often of an aggressively and even painfully noble and tender character. Homosexuality was common enough in the stories in boys' magazines and annuals, but it was invariably of the hero-worshipping kind which is the desirable form for this adolescent stage to assume. Might was certainly a very important force, for we all thrill to it, but it was carefully hitched to the Law, or the Rightful King, or some recognizable force greater than itself. And the language in which penny dreadfuls were written, though distressing to a stylist, was recognizable as English and often strove, with comic effect, for elegance or grandeur. Penny dreadfuls were trash, but there is no evidence that they were written with a cynical desire to exploit base passions.

It is the cynicism of the comic books which appals. One publisher said to Dr. Wertham, "We are re-tooling for illiteracy". And if the figure of 90 million a month is correct, they outnumber decent books by a proportion which demands our notice and action.

The author presents a great deal of strong evidence to link comic books with juvenile crime. Apparently there are two or three murders committed by juveniles every day in the USA. Even Dr. Wertham would not lay them all at the door of the comic book publishers, but he manages to trace a great deal of bad behavior ranging from fairly ordinary hooliganism to dope peddling, child prostitution and murder to this source.

We must recognize that crime and bad behavior among children is nothing new; it is our modern concern about it that is new. Until about a century ago children who lived in cities, and whose parents were not at least of lower middle class income, were exposed to every possible corruption and brutality. They did not read comic books, but many of them lived in the savage and degraded atmosphere that comic books depict. Accounts of the lives of Parisian children during the Revolution, ranging the streets in packs and coupling in the gutters like dogs, and Mayhew's carefully documented accounts of child prostitution, drunkenness and slavery in Victorian London, are enough to convince us that juvenile delinquency is not a modern growth, and that comic books are not needed to bring it about. But we are engaged, in our century, in a fantastic experiment, staggering to the imagination, which most people take for granted: we are trying to educate everybody, and we are trying to give everybody at least the equivalent of a lower middle class chance. We are trying to eliminate the evils of poverty and ignorance, of which juvenile delinquency is only one aspect.

Having taught virtually everybody to read, are we to be amazed that many of them read vicious trash? Have we any reason to suppose that we shall see any change in their taste in anything under a thousand years? Can we democratically make literacy general, and at the same time avoid the undemocratic insistence that literacy be used for some reasonably high purpose? Are we not embracing the very doubtful doctrine of Human Perfectibility, in the name of which so many illiberal horrors have been committed in the past? Having made laws that everybody must be literate, are we now to make laws that everybody must use his literacy with some taste? And having made those laws, where do we stop, in our authoritarian rush to make everybody good according to some model which still remains very misty to our eyes?

These are not vain reflections; they arise directly from Dr. Wertham's book. There cannot be much doubt but that he is right about comic books, but comic books are only one small part of a huge and complex problem. We expect too

much from a bare century of general literacy, and in our haste to speed up our great experiment we must be careful that we do not embrace an intellectual fascism, worse than anything the comic books, in their anthropoidal innocence, can depict. General literacy is a Frankenstein Monster; we cannot kill it, and we do not want to kill it, so we must control it and put it to work; but we must be sure that we do not put it to work dictated by psychologists, who are not invariably fully literate or unusually wise persons. A certain number of psychologists, by the way, are on the payroll of the crime comics publishers, and solemnly endorse their product.

But the comic book problem is a pressing one. They have perverted the familiar fantasies of the Jungle, the Wild West, and Omnipotent Science to the basest uses. They present the beauty of love and the mysteries of sex in a crude blood-and-bra formula. Their wit takes such forms as this "space message": "Greetings, humanoids! Drag over a cyclotron and crawl in! If we'da known you were coming, we'da baked an isotope!" Human suffering is expressed in ape-vocables such as BLAM, THUNK and ZING; human cries of misery are GLURG, GLHELP and ARGHHH!

Unlike some reviewers of this book I have not related any of the stories from the comic books which Dr. Wertham sets down, with angry comments. Instead I recommend that you go to a newsstand, buy half a dozen of these magazines and read them for yourself. It will be an enlightening experience and you should not neglect it. They show us clearly that widespread literacy is not inevitably a key to widespread knowledge or improvement: it may equally well be a key to intellectual anarchy and degradation.

SEDUCTION OF THE INNOCENT—by Fredric Wertham, M.D.—pp. 397, with 16 pages of juicy and enlightening illustration—*Clarke, Irwin—$4.00.*

The Singing Voice

This is without serious question one of the best novels ever written by a Canadian. Its story is that of a girl, Lilli Landash. She is first met, small and sickly, near death, eleven years old, being carried home across the prairie on a railroad jigger from the home of an aunt where she had been sent to work five years before, when she had been six. When the jigger gets her home, she is laid out to die while the immigrant community which is her home goes through all the rites of preparing for death. Her mother and grandmother and other women bake, sew the shroud, gossip, and sometimes wail a bit for appearances' sake. The little girl lies half-conscious on a couch by a wall and sometimes can see the old toolbox that her father has made over and painted white as her coffin.

But she lives. She is allowed no real schooling. She walks behind the plough, cooks, helps when a baby is born. Her peasant father makes her work like a man. Yet the child grows up with hope and strength and an utterly convincing capacity for happiness.

The novel is sometimes like those of the great Russians. There is an unmistakable feeling of the beauty, cruelty and truth of nature both in the immigrant farm background and in the later background of Winnipeg, where Lilli flees to avoid being traded in marriage for some land and sheep.

One of Lilli's main characteristics throughout the book is the striking quality of her singing voice, and this proves her final key to freedom. It is very difficult to describe great artistry in music or painting through the medium of the printed word. Many writers have tried. Miss Lysenko is one of the few who have succeeded. By the cumulative effect of the book, there comes a time when Lilli's voice almost can be heard. Even apart from that experience, this book gives off a sound few readers will forget. S.Y.

YELLOW BOOTS—by Vera Lysenko—pp. 314 —*Ryerson—$3.50.*

In Brief

THE LANGUAGE OF PICTURES—by David Bell —pp. 155, index and illustrations—*Clarke, Irwin—$5.00.*

With the ease and clarity born of profound understanding of his subject, this author takes his reader back and forth in time considering the picture in all its manifestations, whether it be of wool or stained glass, tempera, oil or watercolor, as well in its internal relations of medium, form, subject, rhythm and color as in its external relations to man's life and the other arts.

The central thesis is the necessity of cultivating, not erudition for its own sake, but a critical faculty applied to a catholic view of art in order to enjoy refined pleasure by understanding what the artist has to say. Mr. Bell directs his words of wisdom gently but firmly towards those who "know what they like". By inference, this sin of pride is more accurately expressed by saying:

"I like what I know."

Few people below the rank of expert will know so much about pictorial art that they cannot take pleasure in this book.

RETURN TICKET—by Anthony Deane-Drummond —pp. 256, with endpaper maps—*Collins—$3.00.*

Not one, but three daring escapes is the record of this British officer as a prisoner-of-war. Captured after a parachute raid on a bridge in Italy in 1941, Anthony Deane-Drummond's first escape failed at

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the very moment he was within sight of freedom at the Swiss border. A second escape, the most hair-raising of the three, succeeded at almost the same place. After an interval of less trying experiences as a parachutist, he accompanied the First Airborne Division in the raid on Arnhem and was captured, but again turned up in England in time to justify the reputation for indestructibility which he had by then acquired.

This is one of those stories of steel nerves, cool calculation, and undaunted will which have an irresistible fascination for that great majority of us whose courage is considerably less than superhuman. Few even among prisoners of war have the stamina, the right kind of wits, or the proper degree of ruthlessness for successful escape.

Written without the literary skill which enhanced such books as *The Wooden Horse*, this is still a story that will not let you go. The author's international prejudices and horrid Englishness may cause you to toss the book in a corner several times, but you will retrieve it to finish the story.

OLD MAN'S GARDEN—by Annora Brown—pp. 264, illustrations by the author, index—*Dent—$3.75.*

This handsome book is an artist's tribute to the subtle beauty of the prairies and foothills of the Canadian West.

The author modestly describes her book as "gossip about the flowers of the west", and makes acknowledgement to those original naturalists and poets, the Indians, and to the early travellers and settlers who recorded what they saw about them, as well as to more scientific records. In well-balanced proportions, she describes the flora of western field, lake and mountain with botanical exactness and places them in history or literature or legend. The illustrations, which are an integral part of the text, also blend science and poetry.

THE LETTERS OF SARA HUTCHINSON — From 1800 to 1835—edited by Kathleen Coburn—pp. 446, introduction, index and illustrations —*University of Toronto Press—$6.00.*

Sara Hutchinson was Coleridge's "Asra" and the recipient of "Dejection: An Ode". Since Coleridge did not have the opportunity of falling in love with her until five years after he had married another Sara (who did not exactly, as spouses then were expected to do, *bless* him), Sara Hutchinson spent her adult life as the maiden aunt always depended upon in family crises, as a valued personality in the Wordsworth - Coleridge - Southey circle, and as Wordsworth's sister-in-law and critical amanuensis. Her letters brim with zest and relish for the life around her, and it is evident that she inspired much of the affection in which she was held by being an amusing woman.

Though Sara and the people about her

KATHLEEN COBURN

come alive again in the reading of these letters, Sara had neither literary gifts nor pretensions. Why, then, did so many of her correspondents preserve her letters? Miss Coburn, who edits them with every consideration for the general reader as well as for the scholar, surely suggests the correct answer:

"Her letters brought her, in her person as she was, right into a chair at their hearths; they were far too alive to put on the fire."

THE PEDLARS FROM QUEBEC — And Other Papers on the Nor'Westers—by W. Stewart Wallace—pp. 98, index and frontispiece—*Ryerson—$3.50.*

What is the story of the last French traders in the West between 1755 and 1775? Was Peter Pond a murderer? What caused Alexander Mackenzie's break with Simon McTavish and the North West Company? Which fur-trader named Rousseau was honored by the names of Lake Rosseau and Lake Joseph in Muskoka?

In nearly a dozen short essays which he calls a series of postscripts to his larger work on the Nor'Westers, Dr. Wallace answers these and other questions with facts and material which he has rescued from oblivion with some luck and considerable ingenuity. Minor in themselves, these facts help to fill in some of the empty spaces in our history, and are of both local and general interest.

LIRA ESPANOLA—Representative Spanish Poets —edited by Diego Marin—pp. 287, critical introductions, notes and glossary—*Department of Italian, Spanish and Portuguese, University of Toronto—$2.75.*

The distinction of this volume, apart from its scholarly excellence, lies in the editor's use of selection. By the skilful choice of a truly representative group of poems from the work of thirteen poets who best exemplify their literary periods, the editor gives the student of Spanish a better opportunity to savor the work of each poet than is the case with anthologies which contain almost as many authors as poems. At the same time, this book provides a continuous critical history of Spanish lyric poetry. It deserves a more permanent and pleasing form.

M.A.H.

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Chess Problem

By "Centaur"

PROF. DAVIDE MAROTTI was invited to compete in the London International Tournament, 1922, and his misfortunes put him on the bottom rung. We have one Marotti problem, which shows a practised hand. It presents two excellent Queen sacrifices, one to the black King. The reason for the remote and difficult key-move is seen when Black replies Kt-K1. This key-move is a waiting one, and the block position resulting comes as a genuine surprise:

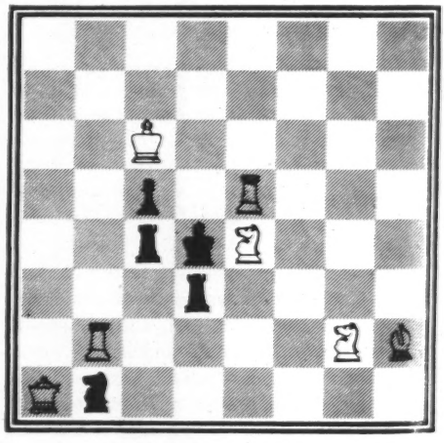
White: K on QR1; Q on QB5; Bs on K2 and KR6; Kt on Q7; Ps on QKt2 and QB3. Black: K on K5; Kts on KKt2 and KKt5; Ps on QR3, QKt2, QKt4, QB2 and KR4. Mate in three.

1.P.-Kt3, Kt-K3; 2.Q-B5ch, etc. 1.P-Kt3, Kt-B4; 2.Q-K5ch, etc. 1.P-Kt3, Kt-K1; 2.Q-K7ch, etc. 1.P-Kt3, P-R5; 2.Q-Q4ch, etc.

The replies to the moves P-R4, P-Kt3, P-Kt5 and P-B3 are respectively 2.QxKtP, 2.Q-B6ch, 2.Q-B4ch and 2.Q-Q6, etc.

PROBLEM No. 68, by J. C. Lacorda and Dr. Mendes.

Black—Five Pieces.



White—Seven Pieces.

White mates in two.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 67.

Key-move 1.B-B5, waiting. If RxB; 2.KtxKtP mate. If PxB; 2.KtxBP mate. If R else; 2.Kt-B7 or B6 mate accordingly. If Kt any; 2.R-Q4 mate.

Pauly composed this one for the alluring pendulum key-move try 1.B-Kt3, defeated by Kt-Q5.

Rapid, Grip and Batten

SENATOR JOSEPH R. McCARTHY: In the early years obsessed by undirected ambition.

The Truth About McCarthy: Chickens and Classes

By JACK ANDERSON and RONALD W. MAY: PART I

ONE HUNDRED miles north of the beer and bustle of Milwaukee, and 150 miles south of the once-thriving gambling clubs run by the Capone gang in the woods along the Wisconsin-Michigan border, lies a farmed-out stretch of soil which once supported a forest of virgin hardwoods.

The land in the three counties of Shawano, Outagamie, and Langlade is mostly sandy loam. It had been rich and fertile enough for the land-hungry settlers back in the middle 1800s when the government began selling it for $2.50 an acre. But by the turn of the century it had become the kind of soil that gave to the farmer only what he put into it.

Barren of rich soil, the rural tri-county area was also barren of rich ideas. There was no time for them, and the section remained a semi-isolated, unto-itself segment of Americana, like William Faulkner's Yoknapatawpha County, where "The Idea" was important only when it concerned the everyday tools of survival—the livestock, the plow, the farmyard well—but totally unimportant when it concerned society in the mass, living conditions or people in the great world "outside". It was the kind of intellectual vacuum that could produce a farmer like lanky Jim Heenan, who told the authors that most big-city folks were Leftists—but who was not sure what a Leftist was.

And it was the kind of intellectual vacuum that could produce Jim Heenan's neighbor—Joe McCarthy.

By the time Joseph Raymond McCarthy was born, on November 14, 1908, the family fortunes had taken a swing upward, because of father Timothy's ability to submerge himself in hard work. The first four McCarthy children were born in a log cabin; Joseph was born in an eight-room, white clapboard house on the 142-acre McCarthy farm, located in Grand Chute township of Outagamie County near the north shore of Lake Winnebago.

The farm was in the centre of a section called "The Irish Settlement". There families were clannish, closemouthed, suspicious, thrifty—but, above all else, good Catholics. And unlike the legendary Irishman, they were not easy talkers, except among themselves. They were imbued with a profound suspicion of outsiders, a distrust of outside ideas and new ways of doing things; and father Timothy McCarthy was no exception. He taught his seven children that the only important things in life could be found on their rolling acres, in the crops and cattle that took all of Timothy's time.

Into this all-work-and-no-play atmosphere, Joe McCarthy was born; and he adapted to it like all the other McCarthy children. His neighbors say that young Joe wore overalls instead of diapers, shucked corn instead of playing with blocks, and learned to pitch hay long before he learned to pitch baseballs.

There were dozens of old Timothy's prime virtues that his son Joseph neglected in later years; but the principle that man is made to work, and work hard, the boy never forgot.

Joe McCarthy graduated from the Underhill Country School at the age of fourteen—a stubby, morose child, strong for his age, who shunned the company of others. Bullied by his brothers, cowed by old Timothy, the young boy found refuge only in his mother.

Still obsessed by an undirected ambition, he went to work on his father's farm. After a few months under the heavy hand of Timothy McCarthy, young Joe began to display outwardly an antipathy toward his father. By now old Timothy could be called a success. He was raising potatoes, corn, barley and oats, and he had a contract to raise acres of cabbage for a sauerkraut plant in New London. There was good money, too, in the gallons of milk he sent off to market each day. Timothy was the fountainhead of the family's blessings.

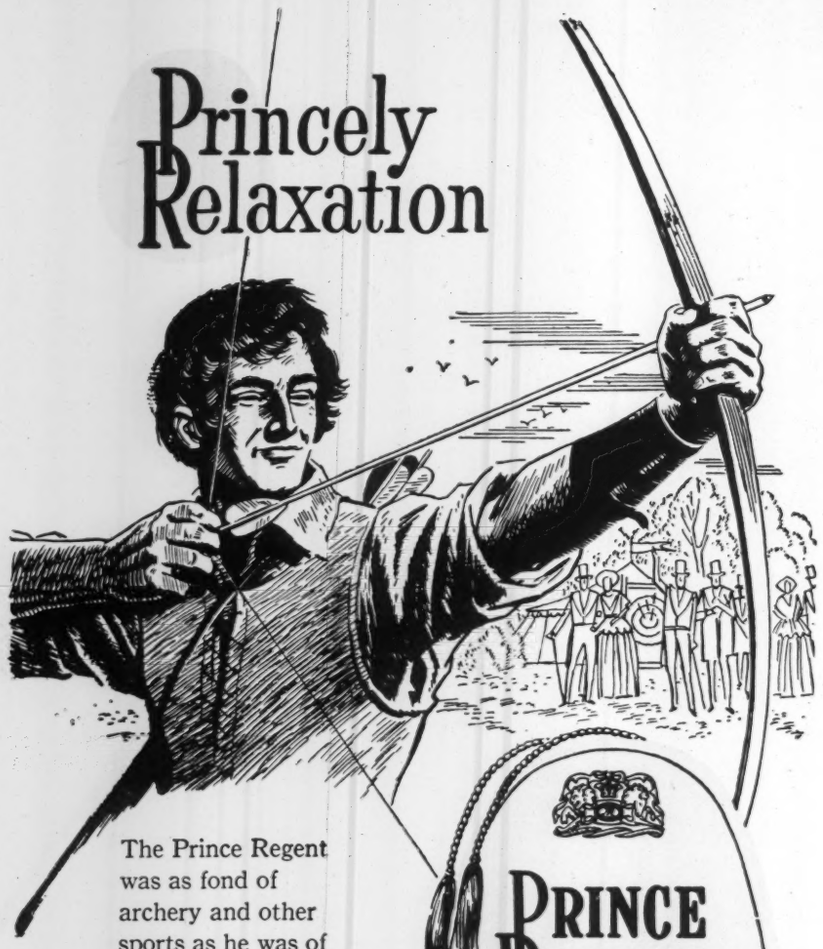
Working under his father's domineering hand, Joe began to evolve a plan. Its end was to prove to his mother that he was also a grownup, that he could be as successful as his father. If his plan had worked out as he wished, it is doubtful that he would have become, finally, a United States Senator. But he failed by the thinnest of margins, and the frustration of failure only doubled the drive that was to take him down the road to national prominence and power.

Joe's plan took shape after he had made $65 by doing part-time work for an uncle. He took the money to old Timothy, as one businessman to another, and announced that he wanted to rent some land. His father grudgingly allotted him one acre, charging the standard amount; and the Joseph R. McCarthy chicken farm began.

It took Joe exactly two years to build his small investment into 2,000 laying hens, 10,000 broilers, a chicken house (part of which is still in use on a neighboring farm), and a truck for hauling his poultry to market.

One day the over-ambitious young McCarthy figured he could make even greater profits by loading more chickens on his truck. Swaying around a bend on the road to Chicago, the top-heavy truck tipped over, and scattered chickens,

Princely Relaxation



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feathers, and splintered crates over the roadside. Joe cursed and fumed, and swore he would quit the chicken business.

But back on the farm, he upped his work schedule to twelve and fourteen hours a day, seven days a week. Every dollar he made was plowed back into the poultry farm. In a desperate struggle to build up the business, he over-extended himself, saved no money for emergencies —and consequently met disaster when bad times came.

It began one cold night when he emerged from the hot, moist chicken house, his chest bare and sweat pouring down his face, and walked across the barnyard to the house. He took a chill, and two days later was on his back with influenza. He had no savings to pay for a professional poultryman.

In desperation, Joe hired a couple of inexperienced neighbor boys to care for the chickens until he was back on his feet. The farm boys, underpaid and uninterested, let most of the flock die, and five years of work died with them. One chronicler of McCarthy's life has described the dramatic moment when young Joe sat down and wept at the loss of his poultry empire. But the truth is that by this time he was growing tired of the society of chickens; the poultry market was declining; it was getting harder and harder to make profits.

Besides, he began to feel an irresistible attraction to the big cities, with their crowds and bright lights and opportunities, and he decided to break away.

It was only a thirty-mile drive from Grand Chute to Manawa, Wisconsin, but for Joe McCarthy it was one of the longest journeys of his life.

The once-shy but now brash young Joe McCarthy obtained a job as manager of the Manawa unit of the Cashway chain grocery stores. Now, away from the stern discipline of Timothy McCarthy, he could flex his muscles in public and make his first real jabs at the world.

The limited world of Manawa (5,000 population) was ideally suited to the 19-year-old McCarthy. Its people lived in the conviction that the north-country folk were more independent, more practical, more "American" than those who lived in the stultifying atmosphere of the big city. And one aspect of this conviction was to be seen in the exaggerated pride of the youths in their manhood. They asked but one thing of a newcomer—that he qualify on their terms.

A group of young men whom McCarthy was anxious to impress invited him to go swimming one day. He couldn't swim, but he eagerly accepted. They drove out to the Chain of Lakes, shed their clothes, and one by one sprang into the water from a twelve-foot diving board. When Joe's turn came, he wrapped an inner tube around his waist and jumped. Arms flailing, legs splashing water, he looked as if

he would drown. But when the others swam to help him, Joe came up, spouting water, and yelled at them to stay away. He struggled to shore, clambered back onto the diving board, and again leaped into the water. He was deathly afraid of water, as well as of height; but stronger than his fear was his determination to prove himself. For hours he kept jumping —then diving—from the board into the lake, attacking the water as if it were a human enemy. Long after the others had quit, he was still diving, his sides black and blue from the impact of the rubber tube. But he learned to swim and dive, and was accepted.

Joe had little trouble fitting into his new life. He found it easy to accept the outlook on life of the Manawa crowd, to adopt their strong distrust of big-city ways and their feeling that the big-city man was somehow a dandy. The cracker-barrel philosophers of the region considered city dwellers as "know-it-alls" who used big words to impress and confuse their listeners, and whose involved, drawn-out methods of thinking were suspect. The north-country people held that any subject could be summed up in one or two short sentences. They liked the kind of talk that comes "straight from the shoulder" and goes "straight to the point" —without any complicated foolishness. It bothered them little that some subjects were complex. The complex they simplified; the confusing they ignored.

McCarthy's career as a storekeeper started off with great velocity. A noisy, smart-alecky kid in many ways, he brought to the Cashway a momentary air of excitement and drama. He joked, flattered, and praised outrageously, playing always to his audience. And his methods paid off: the store made a larger profit than most others in the Cashway chain. Joe encouraged his customers to wait on themselves, a revolutionary principle in those days. He made the Cashway into a sort of community centre, kept it open nights, and listened to a constant tune on the cash register as counterpoint to the hum of conversation in the store. Joe also became the hero of a diarrhoea epidemic that struck the town's chicken population: he went from coop to coop at nights. But Joe was not content to idle on the road to success. He was now twenty years old, and he had never attended high school. The realization was slowly taking hold that he would have to swallow his pride and cram his heavy frame into the low desks of Little Wolf High School.

The following September, Joe strolled over to Little Wolf High School and announced to his friend, Principal L. D. Hershberger, that he wanted to register. Aside from the cracker-barrel sessions at the Cashway store, he transferred to the classroom discussions of Little Wolf High. And his new companions were 13- and 14-year-olds.

Of course it was a little embarrassing. "The day I first walked into that classroom and sat down with those kids," McCarthy recalls, "I would have sold out for two cents on the dollar. But they all knew me pretty well, so I got along all right." And after making some degree of adjustment to his young classmates, "I got rolling and finished first-year algebra in six weeks, and Latin in seven".

For hours at a time, the principal or a faculty member would help Joe cram. As fast as he could finish one course, he was handed another.

Then he discovered that he needed advanced mathematics in order to clear the hurdle into college; but the Little Wolf curriculum offered no such course. Joe solved that problem by enrolling in a correspondence course of the University of Wisconsin. Two weeks before school let out for the summer, Hershberger gave Joe the final correspondence-school examination. His grade was 93.

Meanwhile, business at the store had taken a dive, despite the clerking help of his sister Olive, who had loyally come up from Appleton to help him out. Not long afterward, Joe was fired. But he got another job ushering in the local movie house at night, which not only provided living expenses but permitted him to see the movies free.

By the time the school year came to a close, young Joe had finished the curriculum of a full high-school course—with one exception. A pert young teacher, still full of the ideals of normal school, refused to give him a final examination. She disapproved of the crusade to push Joe through school in a year, and charged openly that the teachers were cutting corners to do it.

The teacher was only a few years older than Joe. So he began saving his warmest smile for her, and asking her advice on minor points in the regular classroom assignments she handed out. Finally he invited her to the annual prom. Joe was allowed to graduate.

The next object on his list was Marquette University, a Jesuit college in nearby Milwaukee. Marquette required four years of high school from its entrants; a one-year cram course would not have been acceptable. But Joe wrote for entrance papers anyway, and to the question "Did you attend four years of high school?" he answered "Yes".

"He meant to tell them the truth later," says Hershberger, "when they'd got to know him better."

This is the first of nine excerpts from the sensational biography "McCarthy—The Man, The Senator, The 'Ism'", written by Jack Anderson and Ronald W. May who spent more than a year gathering material for the book published by S. J. Reginald Saunders (pp. 431, $4.85). The second instalment will appear in next week's issue.

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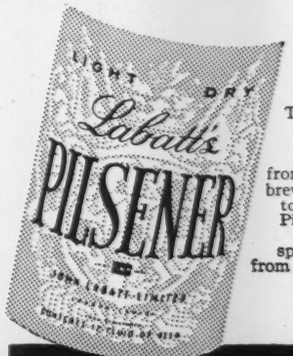

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Films

Behind the Barbed Wire

By Mary Lowrey Ross

PRISON-CAMP reminiscences continue to reach the screen, usually via the stage. They are of varying quality dramatically, but they are so carefully documented that, quite apart from plot and characterization, they are all able to convey the sense of constant fermentation that goes on under the herded misery in the shabby barracks surrounded by muddy parade grounds, patrolling guards, and triple barbed-wire.

Marlag O, the story of an escape from a West German prison camp during the war, is one of the best of the current cycle. This may be partly because there is no virtuoso performance here, such as William Holden contributed in *Stalag 17.* The Holden performance, though highly competent and interesting to watch, gave *Stalag 17* the air of a calculated stage-piece. In *Marlag O* there is a more even-handed distribution of roles, and the excitement underlying the enforced and dreary lassitude comes through with steady force. Then, too, the screen authors have had the wit to recognize that nothing is less typical than a type, and have avoided the familiar trick of providing each character with an identifying tag. The men herded into *Marlag O* are average human beings caught in a common trap and plotting with frantic ingenuity to escape. The story we are told is based on an actual escape-adventure during the war, and the treatment given here is content merely to support the facts. Until the final sequence, much of the film has the explicit sobriety of a documentary.

International Film Distributors

"ALBERT": A remarkable dummy.

Briefly, this is the account of how the men of *Marlag O* rigged out a dummy, "Albert", as a substitute for escaping prisoners. It was a remarkable dummy, rather like Alec Guinness in appearance, and when propped up between two prisoners and supplied with a lighted cigarette could quite easily pass muster when the guards lined up the men for count. The adventures of Albert make a tense story that has, through most of the episodes, an air of wild credibility. The picture has an all-male cast, with Anthony Steele and Jack Warner in the leading roles.

The Stratford Adventure, which is the story of the Stratford Shakespearean Festival from its inception, is a beautiful piece of work, filled with a continuous and cumulative interest rare in documentaries. The stars are Alec Guinness, Tyrone Guthrie and Irene Worth. The cast consists of the men and women who started the venture, the young actors and actresses who joined in it, and the people of Stratford who saw it through. The National Film Board had extraordinary material here, and it has given it the treatment it deserved; that is to say, superb.

Act of Love is the screen version of the Alfred Hayes novel, *The Girl on the Via Flaminia,* with the setting changed from Rome to Paris. Kirk Douglas plays the brooding soldier who arranges to share a room with a pretty girl (Dany Robin) and presently finds the arrangement turning to love, then to thoughts of marriage, a design for living not approved by Commanding Officers during the early occupation. It all works out as badly as possible. Newcomer Dany Robin is a mournful little piece, and the picture is lugubrious.

The Intruder, from the English studios, presents the case-history of a soldier, formerly in the tank corps, who runs into trouble in civilian life. The story, told rather jerkily in flashbacks, reveals how he is finally set on his feet again by his one-time commanding officer. The officer is played by Jack Hawkins, a sound performer, in a rather shaky role.

Late Marriage

Plates on her cupboard shelves gleam in the pale
Thin planes of sunlight. Settling in the stove
Hardwood and fire make whispering talk; and in
The mind's long room the subtle patterns move:
Old summers, distant falls, the green of springs . . .
Forgotten hills, a child with soundless voice
Singing, and August fields. The dream is caught
And webbed and wedded to them, and the choice
Not hers but Time's . . . They wake and drift and blend
Persistent, tenuous, frail as smoke and thin
As sunlight . . . But the mind is suddenly still:
The porch door opens now and he comes in
Slowly, and smiling. And she cannot tell
Which arrow pierces her—the dream that lies
Between them, or the mouth's half-rueful twitch—
Or his hands, or the boyishness around his eyes.

CHARLES BRUCE

•

Old Song

Since nothing so much is
as the present kiss
don't let an old kiss
so disconcert you,
but know it is no crime
and reason to convert you.

The first you ever had
was an eternal lad
whose smile was very May
no other mouth replaces,
but this today
has an October way
to harvest his embraces.

Loves are the fruits of time
different and the same
the perfect and imperfect,
and in the body's branches
where old kisses hang
and sweet birds sang
the wind fills his paunches.

And any kiss at all
is present after all
for now is all we have
now when we want them,
so grant your kisses leave
to give and to receive
nor waste your lips to count them.

LOUIS DUDEK

Sports

Walls With Ears

By Jim Coleman

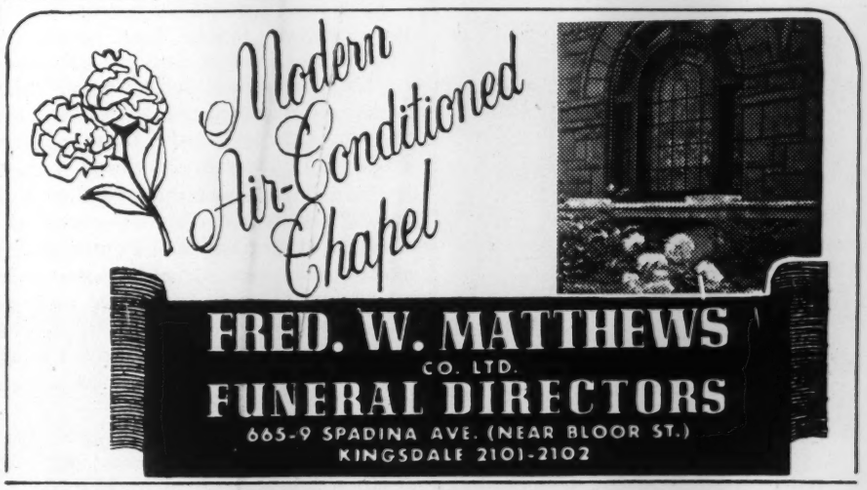
THE MOST ENCOURAGING development in Canadian agriculture is the recent upswing in the price of cauliflower. The one gentleman who is responsible for the bullish condition of the market is Earl Walls, a home-grown heavyweight pugilist who strikes his opponents with commendable violence. Walls may not be the next heavyweight champion, but he is the best Canadian prospect for a legitimate world title since the days of Jimmy McLarnin.

The reason that Walls hasn't been seen on television is that seldom does he permit the bout to last more than one round. Accordingly, he is frowned upon by television fight-sponsors who customarily buy their air-time in one-hour chunks and who do not wish those bouts to end before their watchers have extracted their first beer from the ice-box. Another and more important reason why Walls hasn't been televised in action is that, as yet, he hasn't signed a contract with Jimmy Norris, who controls the majority of big televised boxing shows in the United States.

Although Walls has been fighting professionally since May 5, 1948, he has been in the ring for a total of only 118 rounds in 37 bouts.

If Earl didn't kayo his opponent early, his opponent kayoed *him* early. Whenever you bought a seat for one of Walls's bouts, you could be reasonably sure that you'd be able to snag a few quick ones before the taverns closed.

Walls's eagerness to get out of the ring hurriedly probably was motivated by a desire to listen to more of the statesman-like counsel of his manager, Uncle Jimmy Jones. Actually, Walls has two managers —Uncle Jimmy and Shirley S. Jackson. Mr. Jackson isn't exactly a mute but he, too, is often overpowered by the eloquence of his colleague. Uncle Jimmy, by com-



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parison, makes Sir Winston Churchill sound like a high school orator. When Uncle James is asked a question that calls for a curt "Yes" or "No", his answer would exhaust a team of *Hansard* reporters.

Uncle Jimmy has been around the fight game in Canada, England and the United States for 30 years. With one or two important exceptions, his pugilists couldn't fight nearly so well as he can talk.

Walls is a nice-looking big fellow of 25. He was born in Puce, a postal station in the vicinity of Windsor. He was discovered by Shirley S. Jackson, who made the mistake of taking Jones into partnership. Now, Shirley S. has been relegated to a secondary role on the board of strategy—a fact that appears to nettle him occasionally.

Walls embarked upon his pugilistic career by flattening someone named Dick Lee in one round at New York. He had three other bouts in 1948 and the results should have discouraged him to the extent of abandoning the ring in favor of a job in a button-hole factory.

He went to England in 1949 and fared little better, losing two of his five bouts. In 1950, he was kayoed in one round by Abel Cestac, the amiable Argentinian who arrived in North America on a smart double-play from Luis Angel Firpo to Jack Dempsey. In 1951, Earl's record was spotted by a six-round loss to Jimmy Slade.

Apparently, in 1952, Uncle Jimmy Jones stopped talking long enough to exercise more care in selecting opponents for his young fighter. In any event, Walls scored seven consecutive kayoes in 1952 and won eight consecutive bouts in 1953, seven of the latter by knockouts.

There is no doubt that the fight that "made" Walls was his one-round destruction of Rex Layne at Edmonton last year. Up until then, Layne had been ranked among the more formidable assassins in the heavyweight class. Just to prove it wasn't a fluke, Walls moved into Layne's home-town of Salt Lake City and slaughtered him again in six rounds.

Since that second fight, Layne hasn't been able to lick his mother, but Earl Walls was established as a box-office attraction and was given serious consideration by the scientists who assay fistic nuggets.

This brings us to the two Toronto bouts between Walls and Tommy Harrison, of Los Angeles. Looking back on them now, your correspondent is reminded more than slightly of the two famous fights involving Max Schmeling and Joe Louis.

You will recall that, in the first of those Schmeling-Louis battles, Schmeling gave the young Louis a rather frightful boxing lesson. Finally, he knocked out Louis, who was unable to defend himself after the eighth round. In their second fight, Louis charged out of his corner and left

Lurofsky

EARL WALLS: Contender now.

Schmeling a helpless hulk in less than three minutes.

Well, Harrison gave Walls a boxing lesson in their first bout. He had Walls on the floor twice and, although Earl lasted the full 10 rounds, he took a severe beating.

They met again in Toronto in April. Walls wasn't worried over the possibility of being clouted on the chin. He rushed from his corner and left Harrison unconscious after one wild round.

Since then, Walls has won a decision over Freddie Beshore in Edmonton. That scarcely can be listed as a major triumph as Beshore has been through the wringer.

Now, Harrison is scheduled to fight Nino Valdes at San Francisco on June 23. Valdes, a huge but slow-moving Cuban, is the man who stands between the 25-year-old Canadian and Champion Rocky Marciano. (Jim Norris stands between Marciano and Walls, too, unless Uncle Jimmy Jones is a good boy.)

In his most recent television appearance, Valdes was matched with James J. Parker, an honest, willing but uninspired fistic practitioner from Barrie, Ont. Those who saw the bout found it hard to understand why Valdes is ranked second among the world's heavyweights. True, he beat Parker easily, but he was so cumbersome that it appeared likely that Parker would dump him by hitting him one solid shot.

Walls is much faster and he hits much harder than Parker. Those who have seen Walls and those who have watched Valdes on television will tell you that Walls is fast enough and good enough to beat Valdes.

It is within the realm of possibility that Earl Walls, of Puce, Ont., may step into the Madison Square Garden ring next winter to fight Rocky Marciano for the world heavyweight title—if Uncle Jimmy Jones doesn't talk him out of it.

Business

Costs Are Control Factor In Uranium Production

By W. P. SNEAD

SINCE James Watt's steam engine overcame the barriers to progress provided by the limitations of human and animal bodies less than two centuries ago, each new form of power has driven mankind to search for new forms of energy to feed the machines. The steam engine expanded the search for coal; the water turbine led to the development of hydro-electric power; the internal combustion engine hastened the production and refining of oil and research into the mysteries of petro-chemicals; and now the atomic age promises to open up a new world of limitless energy and new materials, products and processes.

The key to this new world was found in uranium, a mineral ignored by prospectors until the first atomic bomb was dropped.

Uranium was first discovered by Klaproth in 1789 and was first produced in a metallic form by Peligot in 1847. Its radio-active properties were not discovered until Becquerel, who was experimenting with the fluorescent minerals in Paris in 1896, found uranium ore would radiograph an image onto a photographic plate. The swift developments of the past decade are actually the products of more than half a century of patient research.

The new use of uranium, once discarded as waste in the process of extracting radium, has occasioned a feverish search for ore sources of all types, despite the fact that they themselves are not now in too short supply.

Besides the well-known Canadian deposits at Great Bear Lake, Beaver Lodge in Saskatchewan, the Bancroft and Blind River areas of Ontario, and the rich deposits of the Belgian Congo, which were discovered in 1913, uranium discoveries have been reported from Brazil and Argentina, Australia and, most recently, Northern Rhodesia and Abyssinia.

Uranium is also being recovered on a large scale by-product basis from mill tailings in South African gold mines by means of installations such as the one pictured on this page. Uranium from South Africa is being taken by the United States and Britain on a ten-year contract and it is worth noting that the United States alone invested more than $500 million in the building of recovery plants and some 15 mining companies are now either in production or scheduled to start next year. In the United States a considerable amount of uranium is being recovered as a by-product of phosphate chemical production in Florida. This is in addition to production on the pitch-blende deposits in the Belgian Congo and the deposits controlled by the Crown-owned Eldorado Mining and Refining Company in Canada and the Carnotite deposits of the Colorado Plateau, which extends over parts of the States of Colorado, Utah, New Mexico and Arizona.

While radio-active materials occur in a wide range throughout the world, the twin problems of developing commercial deposits of the usable uranium and developing means of extraction for lower grade ores hold production of the metal far below the limits of the potential commercial demands of the atomic age. For example, despite all the uranium-mining companies that have been promoted in Canada, only a few are shipping ore to the Eldorado plant at Great Bear Lake.

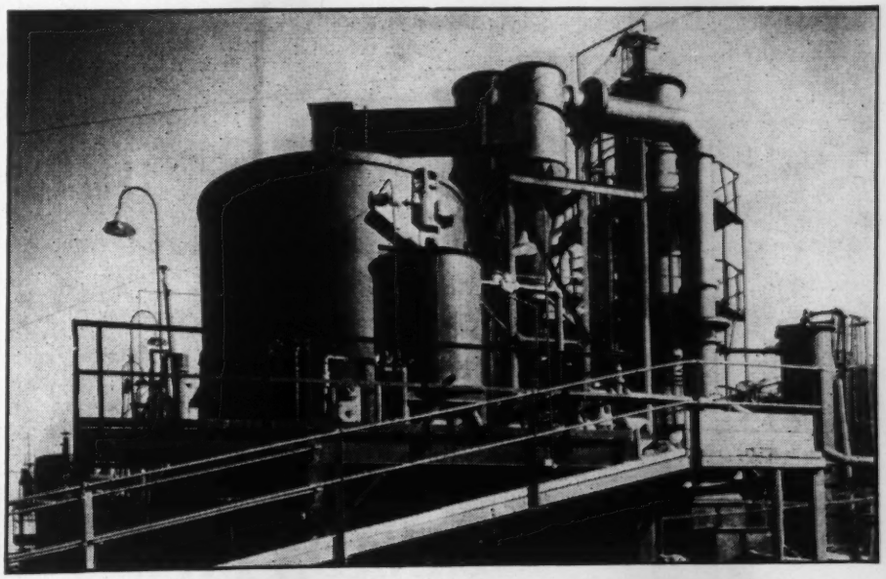
The apparent paradox of a plentiful supply of uranium and a rush to discover more is explained by the fact that only a limited amount of the metal is presently required for weapon production and research work, while the potential demand for the production of power for peaceful uses depends upon costs being reduced.

It is the complex chemical and metallurgical processes required to transform uranium ores into uranium metal that are the stumbling block at the present time. Where other metals are separated from the host rock by crushing, differential flotation and finally smelting, uranium must be pulverized to a fine powder and the powder dissolved in acids. The end result is crude uranium oxide.

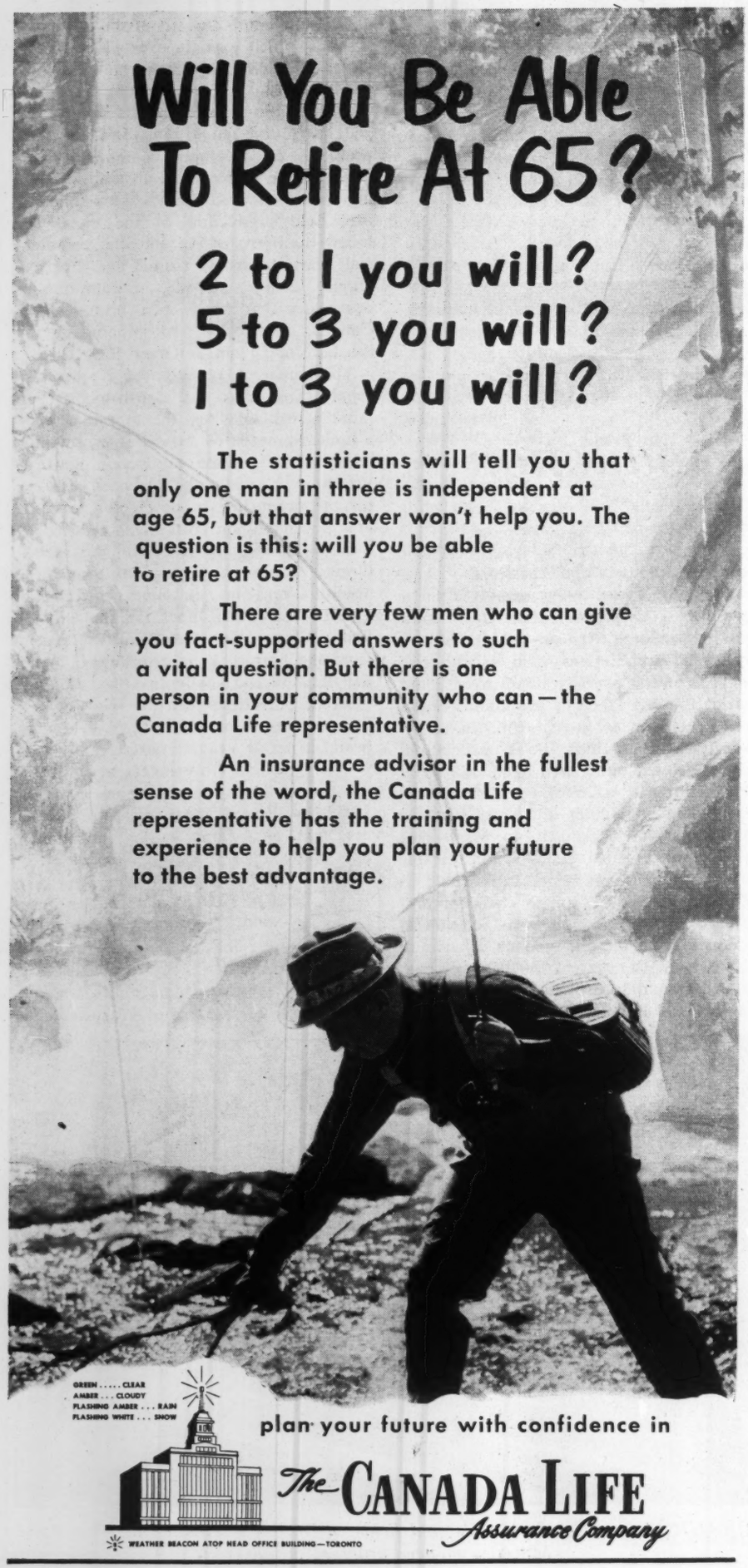
The Canadian Government at the present time will pay a maximum price of $7.25 per pound for uranium oxide in ores containing 25 per cent or less. Richer ores are taken at a lower price as determined by a sliding scale formula.

It is evident from this that only large scale operations hold promise of profitable operation, for smaller companies will find themselves in exactly the same position as the subsidized gold mines.

(This is the first of two articles.)



URANIUM from South Africa's gold fields: a Dorrco installation at West Rand Mines, a pioneer uranium producer.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Bonds

Preferred Stocks

By J. Ross Oborne

COMPROMISE is sometimes an unpleasant word. It suggests a bargain that does not fully satisfy either party. In the field of finance the word compromise might well be used to describe preferred shares. They fall neither into the category of investment nor into the realm of speculation. They are a class of securities which lies between bonds and common stock. They embody many of the advantages and disadvantages of both.

To get down to basic principles, a preferred share, like a common share, represents ownership in a company. This ownership, however, generally has many limitations. It does not normally entitle a shareholder to vote or to share in extra dividends paid on common shares when times are good. On the other hand, as the name implies, preferred shares have preferences that common shares do not enjoy. For example, the dividend is generally set at a fixed rate. That is, the preferred shareholder receives his full dividend before any dividend is paid to the common shareholder. Generally, too, if a company goes into liquidation the preferred shareholder is paid off in full before the common shareholder gets anything.

Preferred shares differ from bonds in that they have no set maturity date. That is, a bond comes due for redemption in a certain stated year. A preferred share, on the other hand, is in effect a perpetual obligation of the company. Another point of difference is that the bonds are backed by an actual claim on the fixed assets of a company whereas preferred shares have no such mortgage rights.

Common to many issues is that the dividends are cumulative. This means that if the company misses paying one or more dividends, these lapsed payments continue to accrue to the shareholders' credit on the books of the company. No dividends can be paid to common shareholders until these back payments have been made up in full.

The call feature or lack of it is another point worth looking at. Normally, a preferred issue will not be called for redemption unless financing rates change. That is, a company, due to changed circumstances, finds that it can raise new money at a lower dividend rate than it is paying on its presently outstanding issue. It would be worthwhile, for example, for a company to redeem a six per cent preferred issue if one bearing only four and

a half per cent could be sold in its place. It is important for the investor to find out the relationship between this call price and the market value of the shares. Normally, the closer the market price of the shares is to the call price, the lesser the chance of price appreciation.

Sometimes overlooked by investors is the question of a sinking fund—that is—whether the company has contracted to buy a certain amount of its own shares each year. This sinking fund is set up out of earnings and is used to buy and cancel specified amounts of shares. It is a most important feature to look for. It is important because a preferred issue has no maturity date. What the sinking fund does, in effect, is give the preferred a maturity date. That is, if so much is retired each year, then finally the whole issue will be bought in. For this reason, preferred issues with substantial sinking funds can almost be put in the same investment class as a debenture. This fund also helps the marketability of an issue by having the company as a continually interested buyer. It is worthwhile, then, to ascertain whether the issue you are interested in has a sinking fund, even if it is only a small one. Thus there are three main questions to ask yourself in considering preferred shares: Are the dividends cumulative? What is the call price? Is there a sinking fund?

Other features that appear less frequently are "convertible", "participating" and "bonus".

"Convertibility" when attached to a preferred is the right to exchange the preferred shares into a stipulated amount of common shares. The Industrial Acceptance Corporation has several such issues outstanding.

"Participating" refers to earnings and is the right to share with the common stock after a certain amount has been paid on the latter. An issue of this kind is Power Corporation of Canada Limited Six Per Cent, Non-Callable, Non-Cumulative, Participating Preferred. This issue is interesting in that it is one of the few that have no call price.

"Bonus" is merely the granting of common shares free along with the preferred shares at the time of the initial offering. A recent issue of this kind was the Superior Propane Limited $25.00 Par Value $1.40 Cumulative Preferred with a bonus of one share of common with each preferred share.

These general ideas on preferred stocks will, perhaps, help in assessing issues before buying. It is evident, of course, that, because of the variety of features, each issue will have to be carefully examined. Preferred stocks, whether compromises or not, have an important place in any investment portfolio. Because preferred dividends are eligible for the income tax rebate, most investors find them attractive.

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Saturday Night Press

71 RICHMOND ST. W., TORONTO

Gold & Dross

By W. P. Snead

Hollinger

I HAVE *some shares in Hollinger Gold Mines that now show me a fair profit. Should I hold or sell?—E. H. H., Montreal.*

This stock, now trading in the 15-16 range, is approaching a level where an advance has been halted in both 1951 and 1952. Progress through the old highs at 17 and 17½ would appear difficult unless some extremely important news appeared.

It is suggested that you continue to hold your stock and observe whether the price can be driven through the supply area above 16. If the present advance continues to stall here, the stock would appear to be a sale near 16. Meanwhile your profit can be protected with a stop-loss order at 15.

Canadian Silk Products

WHAT IS *your opinion of Canadian Silk Products? Would you suggest the purchase of additional shares at this time to average down my cost?—O. L., Montreal.*

Considering the data provided by the annual report for the year ending last June 30th, it is evident that this company has been forced into a difficult position by the flood of imports of women's hosiery. How heavy these imports have been is indicated by a report of the Primary Textiles Institute which states that the volume of women's hosiery imported into this country increased from 384,000 pairs in 1949 to 7,104,000 pairs in 1953. These provided about 13 per cent of the 55,800,000 pairs sold on the Canadian market.

What the forthcoming report will show is a matter of conjecture, but a comparison between 1952 and 1953 figures is indicative. In 1953 net earnings were $292,084 as against $460,486 and net profits declined from $157,455 to $94,746. Working capital declined from $633,879 to $412,333 and while inventory was reduced from $1,027,267 to $846,711, it is still double what it should be in relation to working capital.

The funded debt has been reduced slightly to $1,950,000 but is evidently dangerously out of balance with working capital and income. From these figures, it is all too evident that the company is in an unhealthy financial condition and an impressive turn-around in business will be required if a substantial improvement is to be shown.

With the hosiery field in both Canada and the United States badly overcrowded by the post-war rush to reap the harvests of demand provided by the chronic shortages of the war-time period, little relief seems in sight from the overcrowding on the production side.

Considering both the balance sheet position and the marketing outlook, further purchases do not seem warranted at this time.

Rio-Prado Oils

I OWN *quite a number of shares of Rio-Prado Consolidated Oils, purchased at a much higher price than the present 70 cents. Could you tell me anything about the prospects for this stock?—C. O. G., Kingston, Ont.*

The recent action in this stock has been stimulated by the results obtained in the Burdett field, where medium gravity production has now been obtained, and in the North Battleford area of Saskatchewan.

From the chart pattern, it appears that the stock is in an excellent technical position for an advance if the 75 cent level, which has halted upward progress twice, can be crossed. Such a move, which would invite conversion of the outstanding bonds at their 75 cent option, could carry to objectives of $1.00 and $1.25-$1.35. Support can be expected near 60.

United Keno Mines

I HAVE *200 shares of United Keno Hill Mines Ltd., bought at 13. Would you recommend averaging at the current market of 7 or do you feel there is little prospect to warrant the hope of a rise to 10 within the foreseeable future?—A. E. G., Edmonton.*

In the present narrow trading range of 6½-7 UKH seems to be meeting fair support. Differing from most base metal mines in the possession of ores of high silver content, it has been able to maintain earnings at a level that appears sufficient to warrant the expectation that the 10 cent quarterly dividend can be maintained.

Due to the very high costs of operating in such a remote area, significant earnings gains depend upon a considerable increase in the demand and price for lead and zinc above the prevailing levels.

The recent devaluation of the Mexican peso has placed Mexican producers in a better competitive position to supply the American metal market and has also invoked a new wave of demands from

American producers for protection in the form of tariffs or import quotas.

Business Week reports that the Tariff Commission has handed Congress a report showing the U.S. lead and zinc industry to be in bad shape and states that "the Commission is almost certain to recommend a big boost in the duties on these metals this month".

With the Administration angling for votes for the coming election, "good neighbors" are quite liable to be forgotten and if access to the American market is limited to Canadian producers, higher prices there, produced by the stockpiling of domestic production, will be merely academic to Canadians.

Until the picture clears a little it is difficult to recommend further purchases of this stock, for adverse news from the U.S. could send the price down to a test of the low of 5¼.

Kroy Oil

I HAVE BEEN *considering buying some Kroy Oil. Would you advise buying here at $1.30 or should I wait for a lower price?—R. G. M., Hamilton, Ont.*

Since the price of this stock reached $1.80 in January, it has been drifting downwards with the decline picking up speed after the breaking of the $1.50 support level.

Now, having reached $1.20, it appears that the decline will be extended to a test of the $1.00 level that halted previous sell-offs in September and December. If the decline is halted at this level again and trading dwindles to a few hundred shares a day, the stock could be bought with a protective stop-loss order at 93 cents.

Trans Empire Oil

I BOUGHT *Trans Empire at $6.30 per share. Would you advise me to hold the above stock in hopes of its going up in price again?—F. C. S., Calgary.*

At latest report, Trans Empire has a 60 per cent interest in 12 producing wells, plus interests in 3 others and a 75 per cent interest in 20 proved well sites in the Campbell field in Alberta.

These are expected to add some 2 million barrels to the reported reserves of 8,555,000 barrels at the end of last year. At that time the company had interests in 79 oil and 7 gas wells.

Production for the year amounted to 247,705 barrels, which provided a net profit of $59,851 or 2 cents per share. Production for the first quarter of this year amounted to 124,425 barrels.

A comparison of the production to the reported reserves illustrates the difficulties that the company (and all other western oil companies) is laboring under. Were markets available for maximum production, which is usually computed at 7 per

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cent of the available reserves, the earnings would make much pleasanter reading.

As has been noted in previous issues the one possible means of expanding the market for Canadian crudes is price competition. Until a price reduction sufficient to enable Western crudes to penetrate the U.S. Pacific coast market is made, the situation will remain stagnant. The slow see-saw of the price of the stock around the $2.00 mark is evidence of this.

A price cut might jolt the market considerably, but apparently it is becoming accepted as inevitable and a sharp burst of selling would be considered by experienced traders as a buying opportunity on the basis that earnings would improve. Thus holding seems best at this late date even though a further dip is possible.

Beaumont Mining

FOR SOME TIME *a firm in Montreal has been phoning and sending information suggesting that Beaumont Mining Corp. is a good investment at 75 cents. What are your thoughts?—J. H. E., Brighton Beach, Ont.*

If it is taking all that effort to sell the stock, it hardly sounds like a fair speculation, let alone an investment, which it is not.

Anyone who even considers buying stock touted by long-distance telephone calls can consider himself firmly in the sucker class.

In Brief

IS THERE *any hope for South Tiblemont Gold Mines? I have held this stock for years and have had no information for a long time—R. H., Victoria, B.C.*

Neither has anyone else.

I BOUGHT *Brunhurst at 34 cents. Do you think I should consider this money down the drain? It is now nine cents—G. F. P., Port Credit, Ont.*

That's where it went.

CAN YOU *tell me what happened to Clicker Red Lake Mines? — R. P. D., Toronto.*

Didn't click.

IS THERE *any future for Chesgo Mines? —L. C. M., Hamilton, Ont.*

None.

ANY NEWS *on Goldacres Mines? —A. R. C., Toronto.*

Renamed Bellyacres.

•

The number of queries received is so large that it is impossible, unfortunately, to answer each one in time for the information to be of benefit to the questioner. All queries are carefully considered, however, and an effort is made to discuss the questions which appear to be of the greatest general interest.

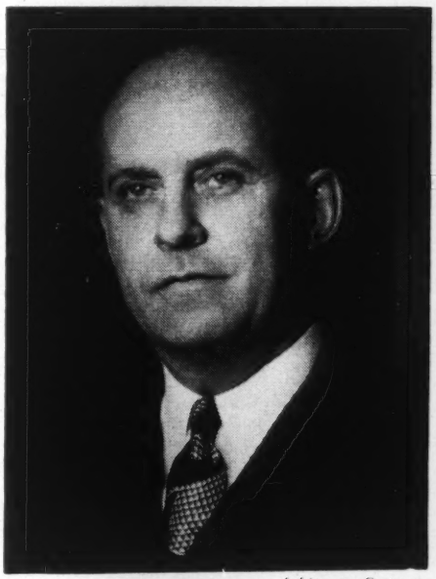
Who's Who in Business

"In My High-Heeled Glory"

By J. W. Bacque

FOR THE LONG HAUL from stock-room work in a Woolworth's store to a position in management is one that provides the best possible experience for Woolworth's executives, company president Russell D. Campbell believes. Mr. Campbell began his career that way, working after school in a Woolworth store in Windsor in 1916.

"I was getting a little discouraged in high school," he recalls, "but I didn't know just what I was going to do. The manager of the store talked me into coming into Woolworth's. I always loved getting my hands on merchandise. Whenever my mother came home with her shopping bag full, I just had to look in it and unpack everything. So I was in my high-heeled glory when merchandise came in, and that's what my manager liked."



Ashley & Crippen

RUSSELL D. CAMPBELL

He had worked in junior positions in half a dozen stores before he was appointed manager of his first store in Amherst, Nova Scotia. After managing stores in Belleville, Kitchener and Ottawa, he joined the ranks of company executives in January, 1934, as superintendent of the Winnipeg division. By this time, he had not only an intimate knowledge of every kind of goods the company carried, but also a growing understanding of the nation-wide scope of Woolworth's operations. After two years as a buyer in Toronto, he became, "in one big jump," company sales manager in 1941. His appointment as director of the parent company and manager of the Canadian division came eight years later.

"I guess I had a lot of breaks," he says. "I feel that in our business, as in any other, the power to organize is 50 per cent of the battle. We have young men in our business who work hard, but that's not enough. If they can't delegate work, then they can't be a success."

Mr. Campbell, now fifty-three years old, is married and has one daughter. His chief recreations are fishing and golf. Although he describes his golf as terrible, he has more success when he is out fishing. "I saw people catching sailfish on a TV program last year," he says, "and I decided I wanted to go to Acapulco to try my luck. So my wife and I went down, and I caught one. It's great sport."

He is proud of the fact that all his staff are Canadian citizens, and that "all but a very small percentage of the goods we sell are made in Canada". The managers of the 173 retail stores, he points out, "are shareholders in the company. The profit-sharing system, whereby they receive a percentage of their own profits, provides a real incentive for aggressive selling."

The success of this system has been particularly evident since the war. The total number of stores has jumped from 145 to 173, and the volume of sales has increased proportionately. Three new stores were opened in the first quarter of 1954, and five more are scheduled for completion by December.

The president feels that he should maintain a firm management policy designed to keep his staff young: "You've got to play checkers with these men," he says, "and keep the ones behind you younger than you. Nothing else would be fair to the company."

"This is a business profession," Mr. Campbell says. "When a doctor or a lawyer is learning at college, someone pays for it. But a young man isn't charged anything for learning here; in fact, he's paid a salary. When he graduates, we hand him a going business, and he's in partnership with the company. What could be better or fairer than that? All of us are familiar with the problems of our retail stores. If a store manager tells me that he can't keep his windows clean or his brass polished, well, I know it can be done, because I've done it."

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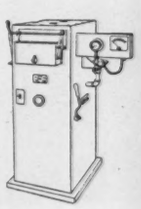
By Order of the Board.
H. J. FARNAN,
Secretary.

JM Johns-Manville Corporation

DIVIDEND

The Board of Directors declared a dividend of 75c per share on the Common Stock payable June 10, 1954, to holders of record June 1, 1954.

ROGER HACKNEY, Treasurer



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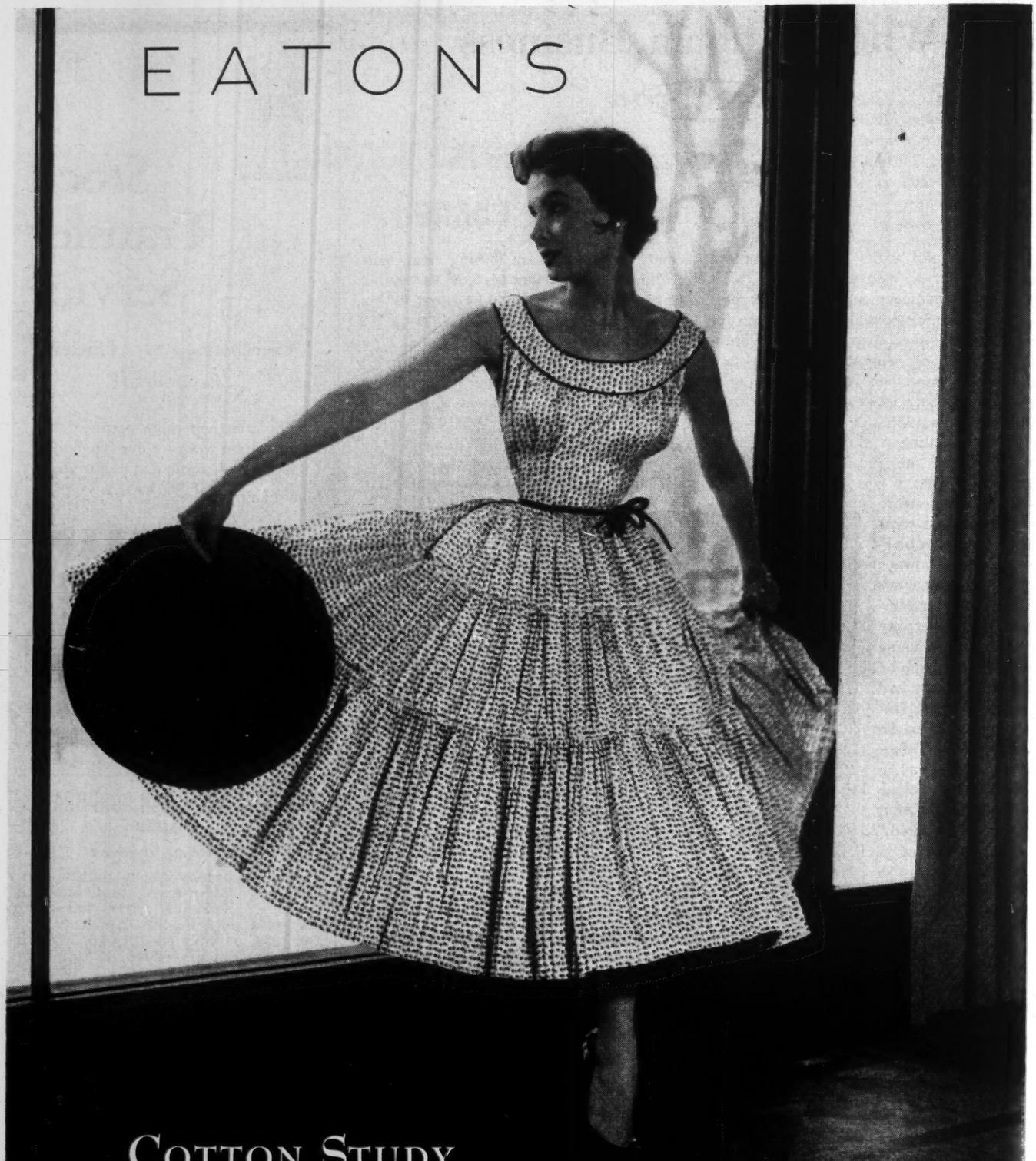

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women

WINNERS *of individual acting awards at the Dominion Drama Festival, recently held in Hamilton, Ont.: above, Mrs. Dorothy Berner, who won the* SATURDAY NIGHT *plaque for the best supporting female role, as the housekeeper in "Rebecca", the Hamilton entry, and at right, Edna Pozer, who won the trophy for the best performance by a woman, as Jennet in "The Lady's Not For Burning", the Calgary entry.*

Photos: Joe Hourigan

Conversation Pieces:

GOVERNOR GENERAL Vincent Massey's recent full-dress ball was a triumph of color, hospitality and formal precision. With the exception of a nervous correspondent who turned up fifteen minutes early, the guests arrived punctually and were cordially received by Her Majesty's representative in no more time than it takes the line to form. Champagne flowed, the orchestra struck up, dancing began. At one o'clock the Governor General retired and the party promptly broke up.
It would be a wonderful help to hostesses in unofficial circles if rules of this sort could be imposed and accepted without question. The too-early guest could be quietly shunted off to a waiting-room while the hostess returned to her canapés, the host to his cocktail shaker. The late-lingering guest would accept the fact that his host had gone to bed as an inflexible point of order and not as a subject for continued debate. ("What's the matter, he mad or something?")

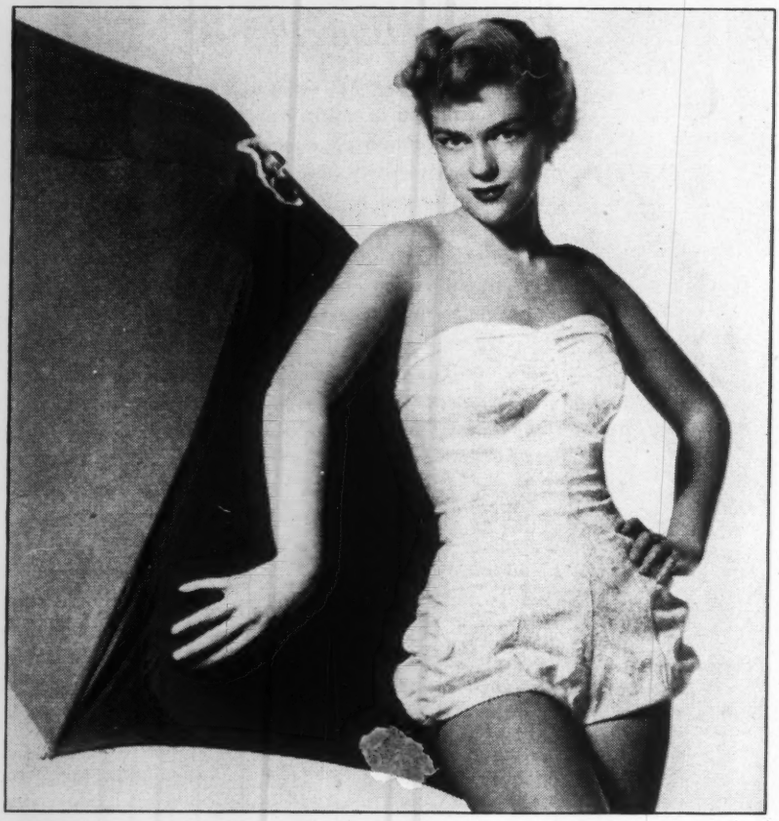
The sofa-bed, for many years a sort of depressed area in the living-room, has finally reached the dignity of standard equipment. Modern sofa-beds are now completely indistinguishable from luxury living-room sofas. They are carefully designed in contemporary or provincial style, they can be bought in sections, and they are equipped with side cabinets that might contain anything, but actually store the necessary bedclothes. In fact the designers have triumphed over every problem except the question of how to get people out of the room when you want to go to bed. This is one situation where the Rideau Hall solution can't be made to apply.

Once every 25 years a "cooking" competition, started around 1880, takes place in which top chefs from various countries vie with each other. This month, 14 countries will compete at Berne, Switzerland, with Canada entering a team for the first time. Two Canadians have been invited as judges, Hans Fread (TV's "Hans in the Kitchen"), of Toronto, and M. Zonda, chef of the Governor General's household.

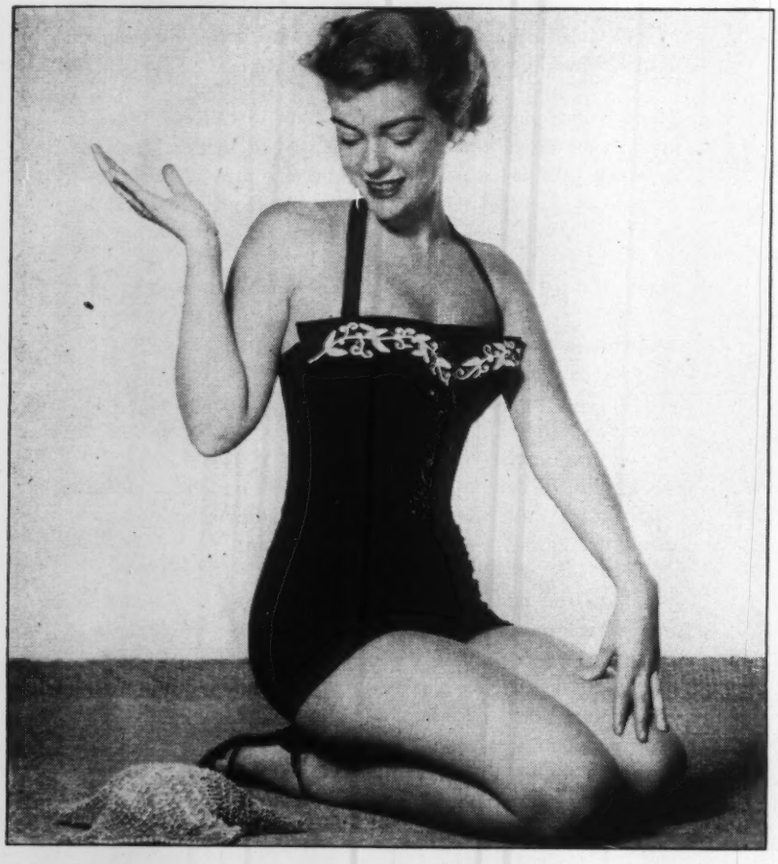
There is an interesting fashion side-light in Colonel Willis-O'Connor's *Inside Government House* (as told to Madge Macbeth), in which it is noted that "the exquisitely dressed" French-born Lady Bessborough did not buy her clothes in Paris, but had most of them made by the Ottawa designer, Gordon.

Have you received your hydrogen bomb chain-letter yet? These letters, which call for a halt in the hydrogen bomb program, are being sent out to names selected at random and each recipient is urged to send the letter on to five other people. The penalties and rewards are adapted to the thermonuclear age. The letters themselves are being circulated by the Communist Party of America.
Recipients who are made nervous by the thought of breaking the chain might solve their problems by sending their quota to five prominent members of the Kremlin.

What do you do when you lose an earring? Try to match the remaining earring? Throw the old one away?
In some centres they now have Missing Earrings Bureaux, where found earrings are bought and lost ones recovered for a slight poundage fee.
A Hollywood star solved her lost earring problem by using the leftover ear-clips to trim up her poodle for his daily walk. The poodle, an intelligent animal, was probably a good deal more embarrassed by the novelty than its owner.



Swim Suits à la Pines



WHEN Annette Kellerman introduced the one-piece bathing suit, just before World War I, it caused as much shocked clucking as did the Bikini swim suit of a few years ago.

Annette Kellerman defied convention—not for glamour, but for utility. A swimmer, she wanted freedom of movement. The then-fashionable costume of bodice, bloomers and below-the-knee skirt was, to say the least, water-logging.

Her uninteresting wool suit remained, basically, the style throughout the twenties and early thirties, and did little to enhance the beach scene. Then came the introduction of cotton and allure picked up.

At this time a red-haired Montrealer was completing a course in designing at the Traphagen School in New York. Beatrice Pines looked around for something to challenge her talents and decided, as she now says, that "the girl on the beach needed to be glamorized even more—down to the bare essentials—than the girl in a dress or a suit". In 1942 she started her own business and four years ago added a summer sports line.

She not only sketches her own designs, but often makes the patterns and sews and finishes the original garment. She loves unusual fabrics and works with the mills to get exactly the quality or color she desires. This year her "signature" is embroidery, as shown on the two suits on this page, with black as her favorite color.

In private life, Beatrice Pines is Mrs. Irving Cuttler. She has two children—Linda, who is thirteen years old, and Murray, who is nine.

BEATRICE PINES, *designer of swim suits who confesses she herself cannot swim more than 20 strokes.*

NEW *swim suits by Beatrice Pines include: at right, a classic design in cocoa satin lastex, with white arrow trim and a cuffed bra line. On the opposite page, two designs with the new fashion note of embroidery; at the top, an all-over pattern in gold lurex on delustred satin; below, white Swiss embroidery on the bra top of the black faille suit.*

Photos: Arnott & Rogers

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Persona Grata

Caesar & Coca & Max & Me

By Frank Rasky

SID CAESAR and Imogene Coca and Max Liebman, the producer of their Saturday night television fixture, *Your Show of Shows,* recently announced they will go their separate ways next fall, a decision which shook the show business world as cataclysmically as if Gaul were being newly fractured into three. Nobody is more split up by the news than the $1,000-a-week Toronto sketch writer, Lucille Kallen, who has been responsible for the weekly show's comedy lines over the last six years. Each of the original triumvirate has asked her to write individual TV programs next season; Miss Kallen, a lady with sensitively conflicting loyalties, is in the quandary of not knowing which one to choose.

LUCILLE KALLEN: All is chaos.

I dropped around to Miss Kallen's Central Park penthouse in New York the other day to see how she was doing poised on the triple, golden horns of her dilemma. Mostly, though, I wanted to find out how a Canadian girl, once rejected by the CBC as being insufficiently talented for a $30-a-week job as continuity writer, had managed to land in such a cushy perch.

Miss Kallen had been at work all morning at her mahogany desk where she'd been pencilling experimentally on yellow paper under the tentative title, "The Imogene Coca Show". Her round brow appeared troubled. She is a five-foot-one girl of about 30, with curly black hair. Knowing brown eyes are set in her deceptively innocent-looking baby face. Her 110 pounds are the richly proportioned kind that Rubens once loved to capture in pigment, but which are more apt to evoke from Broadway show people today the descriptive phrase: a doll, a real living doll.

"It's like playing eene, meenie, miney, moe", announced Miss Kallen, in a low, plaintive voice. "I've three possibilities. Caesar and me. Coca and me. Or Max and me. All pals. I can't write for all three. It'll have to be one of them. Nothing's settled. All is chaos."

Settling down on the unchaotic sofa beside her handsome baby grand piano, Miss Kallen ticked off her friends' virtues which keep tugging her asunder. Of Caesar, who earns $25,000 weekly, quadruple the salary of President Eisenhower, she said, "A mountainous talent. Give him a simple line and he'll exaggerate it to the point of hilarious absurdity. He's an unconscious mimic. Not a gag man like Berle. He's serious, intense."

Of Miss Coca, who earns $10,000 a week, she said, "Coca is volatile, changeable. A fast characterizer of lines. In two seconds she can go from a timid, retiring spinster to a fiery seductress. None of these people is Coca. Yet they're a part of her. A great study. Never seen her fluff a line."

Of Liebman, now working on the format of a new *Show Of Shows* with new stars, she said, "Max is the quiet, philosophical-type guy. Has tremendous organizational powers. His taste is above the ordinary in this type show business. He was the first to introduce his loves—ballet and opera—into TV. Now everybody's imitating him. Sure would hate to cut the cord from the guy who gave me the big break."

Considering that her early life in Canada was largely dedicated to moulding her into a concert pianist, Miss Kallen still finds it hard to believe her reputation now is founded on coining such comic catchlines as, "Isn't it a small world?" As early as the age of four, she used to pound a piano for hours at her parents' Toronto flat on Lippincott Street.

"Mama, Esther Kallen, gave piano recitals," she said. "She acted in silent films, too. Extra parts mostly. I've got a photo of her looking like a screen vamp. Dad was Samuel Chernos. One of those Torontonians who do everything. He was a cameraman in Hollywood for a spell.

Even was a radio singer. My grandparents took me on after Mama died when I was ten. Grandpa was a tailor a Creed's in Toronto. They fussed that Bebe Daniels had her outfits made by him. Big thing!"

At Harbord Collegiate, where she played piano for the school orchestra, she was ecstatic when they let her play one of the Major-General's three daughters in *Pirates of Penzance*. "I had three words to say. 'Here they come.' I near fainted. I was supposed to sing in the operetta chorus. But my lousy alto! Drowned everybody else out."

After graduation, she spent two years in New York grappling with piano studies under Carl Freedberg of the Juilliard School of Music. The grind disenchanted her. "They told me I'd have to practise six to eight hours daily. I said, 'Who needs it?' I really wanted to go into the theatre. So badly it was killing me. Case of seeking to escape from grim reality."

She returned to Toronto in 1940, borrowed $50 from an aunt, and got a Toronto stage-struck friend, Sylvia Paige, to dig up another $50. Together they rented a little condemned movie house on Bloor Street, and with Ben Lennick as director, launched the Belmont Little Theatre Group. "I was the jail girl in Saroyan's one-acter, *Hello Out There*."

Miss Kallen wrote a one-act play for the group which she cheerfully acknowledges "out-Odetsed Clifford Odets. Completely imitative. A typically adolescent dream of the artistic life." She also joined the Toronto playwright, Leo Orenstein, in composing the sketches, lyrics and music for a highly praised local revue, *Let's Be Offensive*. "What a title!"

Miss Kallen married Orenstein in 1943, and for the next four years the couple had a rugged time trying to find the bright bauble of success among the fleshpots of New York. She helped sales clerks at the Abraham and Strauss Department Store stage musical revues. She played the piano and wrote satirical sketches for a nightclub act, "The Skeptics," starring the Toronto singer Marsha Lee. She got nowhere. Then in the summer of 1948, she was summoned by Max Liebman, who was seeking talent for the weekly revues he produced at the "borscht circuit" resort in the Pennsylvania Poconos, Camp Tamiment.

"I was terrified when I walked into Max's fabulous 57th Street apartment. He was a big name. He'd made the Tamiment show, *Strawhat Revue*, with Danny Kaye and Imogene Coca, into a Broadway hit. I wanted to plead with him for another week's time, so I could work up some real material to show him. But I didn't know he'd already seen some of my stuff in an off-Broadway revue. He just looked at me and said, 'You'll love it at Tamiment'. An hour later I still couldn't believe my luck."

At Tamiment, Miss Kallen teamed up with the bright Montreal writer, Mel Tolkin. They created sketches lampooning modern art and child movie stars. That Christmas Liebman shifted his Tamiment cohorts intact before the NBC-TV cameras for the precursor of the hour and a half *Show Of Shows*, then called *The Admiral Revue*. Miss Kallen and Tolkin have since continued as senior writers for the Caesar and Coca sketches.

Miss Kallen's own marital life currently involves a three-months-old baby, Paul, whom she says, "looks disgustingly like me". She divorced Orenstein in 1950, and two years later married Paul Engel, a young industrial engineer, whom she met at Tamiment where he was working during the college vacation at a summer job behind the counter of the camp tavern.

Meanwhile she and Tolkin successfully collaborated on writing the seven musical production numbers for the Paul and Grace Hartman Broadway hit revue, *Tickets Please*, and for the last two years they've been mapping out a yet incomplete Broadway stage comedy. In addition, she briskly whips out a stream of popular ballads with goofy titles.

She swooped up her doll-like eyebrows. "You think writing comedy is easy? Quote what my favorite funnyman, Stephen Leacock, says about it: 'People underestimate the difficulty of making humor. Charles Dickens's creation of Mr. Pickwick did more for the elevation of the human race than Cardinal Newman's *Lead Kindly Light*. Newman only cried out for light in the gloom of a sad world; Dickens gave it.' How right he was!"

• •

The Hit Parade

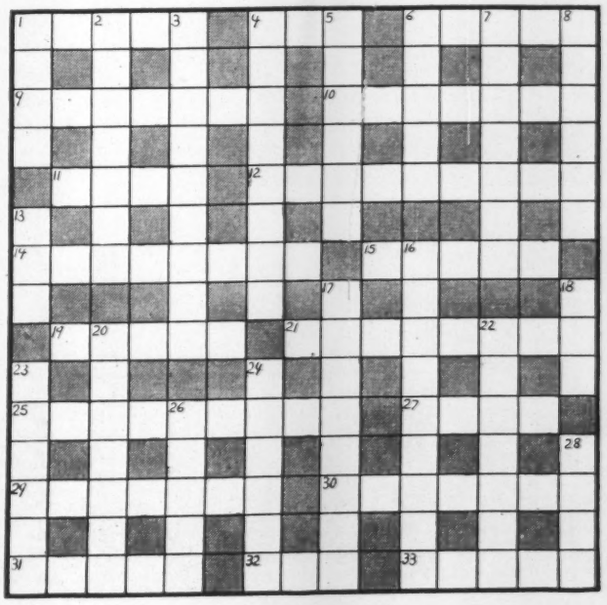
By Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1, 23. After this, diamonds will not be worn for some time in U.S.A. (5,6)
4. Return ticket? Useful for strikers! (3)
6. Associated with music and 4 down. (5)
9. Carriers fired by the Russians? (7)
10. Invalid, getting a little less than pity, becomes a nonentity. (7)
11. Tea, on this festive occasion, might enliven a statue. (4)
12. Not a vehicle for our mounties' "Musical Ride". (9)
14. Foul diet for some 4 down players. (8)
15. I find myself in sort of snug surroundings. (5)
19. See 7
21. Extreme joy has a sort of close connection to this. (8)
25. With which one hears? Nope! Yet in another way, one does. (9)
27. Strangely a tadpole has no leap until it turns to this. (4)
29. Just think! I get in game anyhow! (7)
30. She took to waltzing in Australia. (7)
31. Associated with music and 4 down. (5)
32. He should be able to 33 with the ship. (3)
33. Associated with music and 4 down. (5)

DOWN

1, 13. Is it a growth that makes the brute so ugly? (4-3)
2. Add color to the Kon-Tiki when you draw it again! (7)
3. He sounds as if he'd play right! (9)
4. Was it Babe's unusual form that got everyone to the game? (8)
5. Lily leaves 10 to go up and get a gin shake. (6)
6. Where Sir Joseph Porter went when the breezes blew, O? (5)
7, 19. What was Munchausen doing in Oklahoma? (5,2,5)
8. One who does this professionally is looking for a living. (6)
13. See 1 down.
16. "Discontinue" isn't, while "Whoa!" is, especially in 4 down. (9)
17. Go on a steamship early in the day with Queen Elizabeth. (8)
18, 28. This may help you view Shaw differently? Bosh! (7)
20. Too darn bad for those in its path. (7)
22. Does the officer get the cold shoulder when he loses his? (7)
23. See 1 across.
24. One must, in an undergarment occasionally. (6)
26. The poet didn't use his head in "Du bist wie eine Blume". (5)
28. See 18.



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. See 21
9. Wrong
10. See
11. Verdi
12. Thimble
13. Old saws
14. See 21
15. Eyes
16. Saw
16, 28. Sawbones
18. Car
20. Hind
21, 1 across. Seeing is believing
21, 4. Seeing eye to eye
21, 14. Seeing-eye dog
26. Unfolds
27. Treason
28. See 16
29. UNO
30. Image
31. See the light

DOWN

1. Idolize
2. Bugaboo
3. Lessee
4. See 21
5. Invades
6. Germans
7. Swathe
8. Jigsaw
17. Inasmuch
18. Crumbs
19. Refines
20. Holy See
22. Evening
23. Instant
24. Gander
25. Stroll

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Letters

Funeral Costs

IN HIS letter in defence of the funeral directors, Dr. Gordon J. Mack (May 15 issue), leads one to believe that he has never had to deal with the undertaking profession.

Recently, I had the thankless task of arranging the funeral of a cousin. I dealt, at the request of the deceased lad's sister, with an undertaker in this city—Dr. Mack must know the firm well . . . I found that I had incurred an expense of $1,000 for what many would call "a passable funeral". I was so distressed by the costs that I made a check to satisfy myself. The casket, Dr. Mack, cost me $600 — the undertaker got it for under $75. Other expenses cost the undertaker $40—I got them for $400 . . .

Undertakers who cash in on tears and grief are, in my estimation, no better than doctors who violate their Hippocratic oath . . .

Montreal TED MAY

Tired Students

YOUR Front Page piece "Exploiting Youth" is all too true. As a teacher I have frequently had boys in their middle teens arrive in class in the morning so tired after some out-of-town jaunt or an early morning practice that they have not been able to stay awake, let alone learn anything. All too often they have lost their year and, worn out by the long, strenuous season, have never made the big-time hockey that was the dream that kept them going through the gruelling schedules arranged for these amateur teams.

Edmonton H. T. MCCORMACK

Billy Graham

UNDER the caption, "Revivalists", a correspondent named Ewald Sunstrom asks you to write an article about Billy Graham, who, he says, is "an excellent showman attracting mobs of people of little education and less intelligence". May I give our friend a few facts about Dr. Graham? He is acclaimed one of the world's greatest preachers, a personal friend of President Eisenhower, and has been several times to the White House. Governors, Congressmen and Senators have been present at his meetings. No building in the country is large enough to accommodate those who want to hear him. When Dr. Graham went to England to conduct his campaign, he received a welcome second only to that of the Queen. The British House of Commons gave a luncheon in his honor, his committee in London is comprised of outstanding men of letters—such names as; Lieut-Gen. Sir Arthur Smith, KCB, DSO; Gen. Sir William Dobbie, KCB, DSO; the Bishop of Barking, etc. . . . Would your correspondent say that these men whom I have named were, "of little education and less intelligence"?

Toronto GEORGE BLACK

Punishment

. . . THE brief that the executive secretary of the John Howard Society of Ontario, A. M. Kirkpatrick, presented to the joint committee of the Senate and Commons now investigating capital punishment contained so much good sense that I dislike having to disagree on one point. Mr. Kirkpatrick told the committee that corporal punishment had no effect whatever on delinquent and aggressive adolescents who had been beaten frequently. In his view corporal punishment should be used by parents only as "an occasional and reluctant expedient".

I am in complete agreement, but I would like to point out that the more occasional and reluctant the parent is before the child is five when his aggressions are often considered amusing, the more likely the adolescent is to be delinquent. The number of the beatings needed at adolescence is in inverse proportion to the spankings administered by wise, firm and loving parents. . .

Halifax PETER O'CONNELL

Of Many Things

I'M ALL for cutting down governmental expenditure, but let's not do away with those "esoteric pamphlets". After a session with the daily papers, I find it refreshing, in fact, almost consoling, to think that there are people who are paid to spend their time computing the rate of speed of goldfish and the abdominal width of the female lobster.

Sherbrooke, Que. ALLAN R. BIGELOW

. . . SHOULD the new clause in the criminal code read: "Everyone commits vagrancy who, not having any apparent means of support, lives without employment", the fundamental premise of my conception of democracy and British justice no longer can exist, because the statement is positive in its condemnation of an individual's freedom to the continuous inspection of the law. I am at all times liable to embarrassment by being required by this law to clear my actions; the onus is now on me and not on society to prove the lawfulness of my actions.

Foam Lake, Sask. STANLEY R. ROBERTS

SINCE I AM conducting a private campaign against coffee, and since I get a little weary of tea brewed with hot water, I made the mistake the other day of ordering myself a cup of hot chocolate, a drink I remembered affectionately as nourishing and sustaining. What did I get? A mug of a cloying sweetness, insipid color, and indeterminate taste whipped to a froth. What is the matter with this country that it is impossible to be served a proper drink? No wonder people turn to hard liquor.

Niagara Falls HAROLD TOVER

WHEN was Sir Francis Hincks Prime Minister of Canada?

Hamilton, Ont. ARTHUR L. PETTIT

EDITOR'S NOTE: Sir Francis Hincks was Premier of Upper Canada from 1851 to 1854 in the joint Hincks-Morin administration. He was finance minister of the Dominion Government from 1869 to 1873.

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